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The Sacred Lyre

Glasgow

THE

SACRED LYRE,

COMPRISING

POEMS,

DEVOTIONAL, MORAL, AND PRECEPTIVE;

INCLUDING

MANY ORIGINAL PIECES,

WITH AN

Introduction and a Copious Index.

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine."

MOORE.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR RICHARD GRIFFIN, & Co.
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TO THE

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY,

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF

SAINT ANDREWS,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED BY THE

EDITOR.

[redacted]

ADVERTISEMENT.

In arranging the present Volume, it was the intention of the Publishers to furnish their readers with a more complete selection of Sacred Poetry, than what is usually offered to their notice.

They are aware that by many who aspire to literary acumen, poetry of this description is often considered as inferior to the sparkling effusions of the vagrant muse. This opinion may perhaps have originated from contrasting the attempts of *untalented* though *well-meaning* piety, to be found in the various collections of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," with those splendid efforts which great but misdirected genius have made in the cause of immorality. It is presumed that the following selection will afford a fairer Criterion for judging between the merits of the sacred and profane muse. The former, however, amid its brightest conceptions will always be found to labour under the disadvantage of having chosen a theme too exalted for its energies,—as *infinitude* cannot be *amplified*, the utmost stretch of human genius must fail in reflecting a single ray on the object of its high imaginings.

But though the sublimest of our Poets have come short, and must always do so, in describing the character and perfections of the Deity. Yet it must not from thence be inferred that their labours are unprofitable,—though their efforts cannot *perfect* yet they *enlarge* our conceptions of the Creator, and exalt us to a more elevated station in our advances, towards the attainment of divine knowledge

In the present Volume we have selected largely from Young, this we trust few of our readers will be displeased with. The elegance and energy with which this powerful writer enforces the truths of Christianity, must always recommend him to a conspicuous place in such collections as the present.

Without farther particularising the various Authors, with whose imperishable treasures we have made free to enrich our pages, we will merely assure our readers, that nothing has been wanting to render the "Sacred Lyre" a pleasing and instructive companion for the evening of that day on which their minds may be more properly attuned for listening to its inspirations.

To a Clerical Friend we are indebted for the introduction which accompanies this work. We have also to acknowledge our obligations to the Gentleman, who under the signature of "*Alpha*," has favoured us with a number of meritorious pieces.

The Publishers intend in the course of a few weeks, putting to press, a work to be entitled "Classical Selections from Theological Writers, on the proofs of the Christian Religion," accompanied with notes, and printed uniform with the "Sacred Lyre."

Glasgow, 1824.

INTRODUCTION.

Poetry, as a study, furnishes to the mind much elegant and pleasing, as well as innocent entertainment. But to please is not the sole aim of this delightful art. Viewed in its effects either on the understanding or the heart, it is highly profitable. For whilst a taste for poetry in general is a sure indication of a mind by nature feelingly alive to the finest impulses of which man is susceptible, the cultivation of such a taste has a direct tendency to exalt and refine the soul, to form it to a love of excellence, and to render its possessor sensible of his high capabilities of varied and endless improvement. He, accordingly, who employs his leisure hours in delighting his ear with the flow of smooth and harmonious numbers, and in enriching his understanding with the finely conceived and noble creations of the poet, is, imperceptibly it may be to himself, forming in his mind a standard of taste both correct and delicate. And this new faculty, if it may be so denominated, is beneficial to him, not in Poetry only, or in the other departments of literature, but likewise in forming opinions connected with matters of daily occurrence. Nor is this all. Beside creating in the mind a love of excellence, the study of poetry, by giving the ascendency to the amiable and noble qualities of the soul, impresses upon it a permanent bias towards

virtue. And we think it not unworthy of remark, that the views and feelings of a mind thus exercised and improved are as much unknown to common understandings, as if they were the conceptions of the inhabitant of some other planet. Such understandings are never visited by them, and are not aware of their capacity for receiving them.

Nor do we think that the vicious tendency of not a few poems, the productions of our most favoured Bards, forms any valid objection to what has now been advanced. Such productions are universally regarded as the spurious issue of the Muse, and are ever lamented as the prostitution of the faculties which most enoble and beautify our rational nature. They are the creations of some evil hour, when Rancour, Envy, or Spleen, was exerting a demoniacal influence over the mind and causing the genius of Poesy to act in subserviency to its own malignant purposes. And it is only when he is again brought under the fell and gloomy sway of these diabolical passions, that the poet himself can relish his own immoral effusions. With the reader the case is exactly similar. His imagination will brood with new and fond delight over the pages of the sensual poet, if the current of his thoughts has been tainted by vicious indulgences or the contagion of evil example; but should virtue be the peaceful and happy tenor of his life, he will turn in disgust from the page, the reading of which might sully the purity of his mind. Whilst, therefore, the poet addresses himself to the imagination of his reader, his object is, through means of that spiritual faculty, to form the taste, and to free the soul from the dominion of those grosser passions, of a corporeal nature, the indulging of which sinks man below the level of the inferior animals.

And if the tendency of poetry in general, is to promote intellectual and moral improvement, the advancement of religion is the direct and sole object of the Sacred Muse. The origin of Sacred Poetry is divine. It was the inspiration of the Almighty which tuned the hearts of the Hebrew Bards and opened their lips in songs of praise. And sweet and sublime were the numerous strains which they uttered, from the time that Moses sung of Israel's deliverance from her bondage in Egypt, till the joyful Virgin burst forth into sweetest notes of thanksgiving and praise, at the thought of giving birth to him who was to deliver mankind from a deeper thraldom. And in every age has the Muse been found the handmaid of Religion, though her sons have too frequently been prodigal of their gifted endowments. In every country, too, has Religion assigned her a place in her temple to kindle in her votaries the flame of devotion and fill their hearts with the love of her own adorable attributes. In truth, Religion and the praise of virtuous and heroic actions, were the first and for a long time the only themes of the Poet. Nor is this at all wonderful. Both Religion and Poetry address themselves to the affections, and the former, as well as the latter, not unfrequently operates on these through means of the imagination. Either of them alone is fitted to impart a high relish to the soul, but their combined influence affords the highest mental enjoyment. The poet who courts the sacred muse will, accordingly, be the most affecting and interesting of any. Religion, the noblest of all subjects, is his theme, and devotion, the life and soul of Religion, inspires his genius and enlivens his affections. Lofty and glowing conceptions on subjects the most momentous, he embellishes with all the decorations of the

tuneful art. As a christian, he can take no view of the works and ways of the Almighty, or of the present situation and future destiny of man, which, as a poet, he may not render more lovely, more grand, or more awful. God is an invisible spirit, and the movements of his providence are often dark and mysterious. But the poet who consecrates his genius to the service of heaven, can, as it were, conjure up the perfections of Diety from behind the curtain of creation, and show them acting in harmony for the comfort and happiness of the universe. In his view, the joyous face of spring is the smile of the Creator, winning man back to his favour and inviting him to taste of his goodness. The regular return of the seasons he regards as the fulfilment of God's ancient promise. In a partial evil he discovers a general good; in a seeming calamity he discovers a real blessing. But the plan of redemption is his darling theme. It is his delight to expatiate on the love which could devise, and on the condescension which could execute the god-like scheme. He loves to dwell on the mercy which delighted in procuring pardon for a whole world of transgressors. Often do his lines breathe the spirit of genuine repentance, and godly sorrow for sin. Often are they fraught with the aspirations of a mind panting after higher attainments in the christian life. And should the terrors of the Lord become the subject of his muse, he arrays the realities of a judgment to come in the blackest and most appalling colours. Religious subjects present themselves to him in endless variety. He feels it to be the highest exercise of his genius to pen the hymn of praise. Never is he conscious of greater elevation of sentiment than when he feels, as it were, the divinity stirring within him, and awakening his en-

ergies to extol his Maker. Never does the flame of piety burn higher or brighter within him, than when gratitude to his Redeemer is his gladsome theme. Often does he attempt to recal the happy feelings with which he was visited when engaged on these important topics, and is sad when the effort has been fruitless. Whilst his other works may have ceased to afford him any pleasure, his devotional strains continue to afford him new and fresh delight. And when in his more sober hours, the former may prove to him the cause of no small pain, the latter are the lines, which, in his dying moments, he would not wish to blot. We feel confident that we speak the opinion of every sober-minded person, in asserting that if any one of his productions afforded Lord Byron pleasure in the rapid moments of his dissolution, that one was his Hebrew Melodies. And if this impressive consideration were allowed to have its full weight, it might have the desirable effect of preventing many of our poets from writing, in the gay hours of health, what they will not be able to relish in the prospect of eternity. Though this world were to be the permanent abode of man, still would the Poet be justified in saying:

> "An Athiest's laugh's a poor exchange
> For Diety offended."

But when we reflect that he who offends his Creator, must soon meet him as his judge, what madness can be compared with the folly of him, who defies the frown of Omnipotence.

We hail it as a happy symptom both of the improvement of the public taste, and the progress of religion, that immoral poetry, though the production of the most gifted genius, is, at present, reprobated alike by the critic and the public. The time, we

trust is for ever gone by, in which immorality, whether in conduct or composition, is to be regarded as a test of genius. We flatter ourselves that we already see the virtuous temper of the age, impressed on the works of our choicest authors. We long to see more of its effects, and to witness their reciprocal action on society at large.

We know not a more delightful or improving exercise, than the reading of sacred poetry. Essential truths are thereby conveyed to the mind in a form best fitted to gain them welcome admission. The advantage of this mode of communicating religious instruction has long been felt. It is especially beneficial in forming the minds of the young to a taste for religion. It is impossible, we think, to present exhortations to virtue and piety, or dissuasions from vice, in a form less repulsive than that in which they are presented by the poet. As the manners of one man are naturally more engaging than those of another man, so poetry, of its own nature, is more attractive than prose. The poet must always keep in view the first end of his art, to please; this necessarily excludes from his compositions any thing that might seem harsh and forbidding. Besides, he is constantly moving the affections and raising agreeable sentiments in the mind. These circumstances will serve in some measure to explain the fact above alluded to, that the application of the doctrines and precepts of religion, is never less displeasing than when it is made by the poet. Verse seems to carry along with it the power of winning over the wayward affections of the soul, and bending them to its will. Under its influence, the mind feels less reluctance in submitting itself to the dominion of truths which formerly seemed revolting. The obduracy of the heart is felt to give way before the

charm of numbers, as the evil spirit departed from Saul when the sweet singer of Israel tuned his harp before him. We are less backward in confessing our delinquences, than at other times. The flow of penetential sorrow is never stronger or more sincere. Humility is never deeper; self-abasement never more prostrate. We are more disposed to close with the offers of mercy. Our gratitude is more warm and lively. Our joy more glowing; and the whole train of sentiment in our bosoms more devout and fervent. That solemn appeals to the affections, are never more impressive, cannot, we think, be more convincingly shown than by presenting our readers with the following lines on the the day of judgment, verses which we think it impossible for any one to read without emotion

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Day of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for thine!

At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee?

Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart;
Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part!"

Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake!
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all 's at stake.

But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

In presenting this little volume to the public we feel encouraged by the hope of its being useful. The Hymns of the excellent and pious divines, Watts and Doddridge, are very generally taught throughout the island, and thousands are at this day experiencing the good which they are calculated to impart. The Olney Hymns, too, have been found highly beneficial in furnishing instruction to persons of matured understandings, as well as in cherishing pious and devout affections. We flatter ourselves that in general usefulness the present collection will not fall behind either of these now mentioned, or any other selection of Sacred Poetry now

in circulation, as from the number of choice pieces which it contains, we are certain that it is not inferior to any other in poetical excellence. There is interspersed through the volume a very considerable number of small poems, the productions of our best and most recent authors. It will be found likewise to contain as great a variety of subjects and measures, as it is possible, perhaps, for any collection to have. And in concluding we judge it not improper to state what we think must be considered as no small recommendation of the work, that by far the greater proportion of the volume consists of entire poems, and several of these are now printed for the first time.

Greenock, 1824.

CONTENTS.

THE

SACRED LYRE.

THE SACRED LYRE HAS LONG BEEN MUTE.

The sacred lyre has long been mute,
Which once was heard in Judah's halls;
The sacred lyre has long been mute,
Which echo'd from Jerus'lem's walls.

But many a harp, has oft been strung,
Since Israel's Royal minstrel died;
And many a bard has sweetly sung,
Since all was still on Jordan's side.

But Oh! what bard would e'er aspire,
To sing the songs which Zion knew?
Or who could touch Isaiah's lyre,
The songs of many a captive Jew?

In other lands, and later times,
The lyre indeed has never slept;
But Oh! it sung of human crimes,
While thousands o'er those crimes have wept.

And many a heart their notes have won,
Which once rejoiced at Judah's strains;
And many a soul have been undone,
Which roam'd on *their* elysian plains.

THE SACRED LYRE.

Awake, Oh! harp of Judah, wake,
Resume again thy wonted fire;
Nor let one string be heard to break,
Till heav'nly lays attune the lyre.

Those lays, the wrapt apostle heard,
When banish'd o'er the Egean sea;
When heav'ns gates were all unbar'd,
And echo'd forth her melody.

Those lays, angelic harps have know
Before the worlds were pois'd on hi
They shall be heard when time is go
Throughout a blest eternity!

KNOW THYSELF.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and fo
Whence drew I being? to what peri
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd
Or from an endless chain of causes
And of unthinking substance, boru
By motion which began without a
Supremely wise, without design or
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh
A branching channel, with a mazy
The purple stream that through m
Dull and unconscious flows, like
The pipes through which the circ
Are not that thinking I, no more
This frame, compacted with tran
Of moving joints obedient to my
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, I
Waxes and wastes; I call it mi

New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains.
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
What am I then? sure of a nobler birth;
By parents' right, I own as mother, Earth;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire;
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offered to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind:
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse *gusts of jarring* instincts tost,
now to one, now to the other, coast;

To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires.
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
And barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views, of various ways,
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy;
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue.
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest.
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.
" Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain, here I stand,
Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!"
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide, of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller, that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays:
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfolds the fields and vaulted blue.

"O truth divine! enlightened by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
And told'st me what those mystic tokens meant;
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide,
One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
Those jarring truths, which human art beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Born on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes:
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,

Curb'd or indulg'd, or baulk'd or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd;
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return, and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy!
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy weary footsteps guide;
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

ARBUTHNOT.

HYMN.

The acceptable offering.

FATHER of our feeble race,
  Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
  Flows thy goodness unconfin'd:
Musing in the silent grove,
  Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
  Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what off'ring shall we bring,
  At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
  Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
  By the melting eye exprest,
Sympathy, at whose controul
  Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
  Bind the wounded, feed the poor;

Love, embracing all our kind,
  Charity, with lib'ral store.
Teach us, O thou heav'nly King!
  Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
  Love to thee and all mankind.

JOHN TAYLOR.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of my life! and Author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name, to harps of Seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all; for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works, thro' all their parts proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide;
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
  But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind, as just,

Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame:
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice, I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live;
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Hush every wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware:
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my wa
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live!
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on the illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze

I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk,
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy Providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors, free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
  Then when the last, the closing, hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When, trembling, on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

BARBAULD.

HYMNS FOR THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

How smiling wakes the verdant year
  Array'd in velvet green!
How glad the circling fields appear,
  That bound the blooming scene!

Forth walks from heav'n the beaming Spring,
  Calm as the dew she sheds;
And o'er the Winter's mutt'ring king
  Her veil of roses spreads.

The sky serene, the waking flowers,
  The river's loosen'd wave,

Repay the kind and tepid hours
  With all the charms they gave.

And hark! From yon melodious grove
  The feather'd warblers break;
And into notes of joy and love
  The solitude awake!

And shall the first belov'd of heav'n
  Mute listen as they sing;
Shall man, to whom the lyre is giv'n
  Not wake one grateful string?

O let me join th' aspiring lay,
  That gives my Maker praise;
Join, but in louder notes than they,
  Than all their pleasures raise!

From stormy Winter hoar and chill
  Warm scenes of peace arise:
For ever thus from seeming ill
  Heav'n every good supplies.

For see, 'tis mildness, beauty, all
  Around the laughing whole;
And nature's verdant charms recall
  The mildness of the soul.

O thou, from whose all-gracious eye
  The sun of splendour beams;
Whose glories ev'ry ray supply,
  That gilds the trembling streams;

O'er nature's green and teeming fields
  Bid flow'ry graces rise,
And ev'ry sweet, creation yields,
  Salute the morning skies.

Where yonder moves the plough of toil
  Along the stubborn land,

O kindly lift the yielding soil,
  And soothe the lab'ring hand.

Thence bid gay fruitfulness around
  Her blooming reign extend;
And where thy richest gifts are found,
  Tell who the heav'nly friend.

As with her smiles, life's weary vale
  Is gentler trod below;
With thine, the closing home we hail,
  That shuts us in from woe!

Till that celestial home is ours,
  Let us its Lord implore,
Content may cheer our pilgrim hours,
  And guide us to the door.

SUMMER.

Bright Summer beams along the sky,
  And paints the glowing year;
Where'er we turn the raptured eye,
  Her splendid tints appear!

Then when so fit to lift the song
  To gratitude and heav'n,
To whom her purple charms belong,
  From whom those charms are giv'n?

Thee, thee, Almighty King of kings,
  Man worships not alone;
Each budding flow'r its incense brings,
  And wafts it to thy throne,

The fields with verdant mantle gay,
  The grove's sequester'd walks,
All, all around, thy praise display,
  And dumb creation talks

When Morn, with rosy fingers fair,
  Her golden journey takes;
When fresh'ning Zephyrs fan the air,
  And animation wakes;

Man starts from emblematic death,
  And bends the grateful knee
To welcome with transported breath
  New light, and life, and thee!

When Noon averts his radiant face,
  And shuts his piercing eye;
And Eve, with modest measur'd pace,
  Steps up the western sky,

Repos'd beneath thy guardian winds
  The pious mortal rests;
Nor knows one watchful care that springs
  Within unholy breasts.

What then, if pealing thunders roll,
  If lightnings flash afar!
Undaunted hears his sainted soul
  The elemental war.

'Tis but to him a parent's voice,
  That blesses while it blames;
That bids unburden'd air rejoice,
  And life and health proclaims.

Night's deepest gloom is but a calm,
  That soothe the wearied mind;
The labour'd day's restoring balm,
  The comfort of mankind.

O thus may heav'n and holy peace
  Smooth soft the rocks of age;
Till thou shalt bid existence cease,
  And tear its blotted page:

Till storms no more or tempests rage,
  And death's dark vale I see;
That vale, which, through the shadowy grave,
  But leads to heav'n and thee!

AUTUMN.

Fair Autumn spreads her fields of gold,
  And waves her amber wand;
See earth its yellow charms unfold
  Beneath her magic hand!

Unrivall'd beauty decks our vales,
  Bright fruitfulness our plains;
Gay health with cheerfulness prevails,
  And smiling glory reigns.

To thee, great lib'ral source of all,
  We strike our earthly lyre;
Till fate our rising soul shall call,
  And angels form the choir.

The splendour that enchants our eyes,
  Reminds us of thy fame;
The blessings that from earth arise
  Thy gen'rous hand proclaim.

The plenty round our meadows seen
  Is emblem of thy love;
And harmony, that binds the scene,
  The peace that reigns above.

Beneath the sickle, smiling round,
  And in destruction fair,
The golden harvest strews the ground,
  And shuts the labour'd year.

Man drops into refreshing rest,
  And smooths his wearied brow;
With rural peace the herds are blest,
  And nature smiles below!

[illegible]
With innocence my guide:
Let no temptations bid me stray,
And leave her angel side!

O let the bird of tuneful breath,
The beast that frisks on earth,
The fish that sports the wave beneath,
Enjoy their short-liv'd mirth!

Let no rude instrument of fate
Arrest the flutt'ring wing;
No horns re-echo at my gate,
That smiles and slaughter bring;

No quav'ring line, with tortur'd snare
In agonizing fraud,
Explore the streams, that flow so fair,
To tempt the wat'ry lord!

That mercy which to man is giv'n,
So sweet with dewy eyes,
O let it seek its native heav'n,
When gentle pity dies!

Yet still with cheerful heart I pace
  The whiten'd vale below:
And smile at ev'ry printed trace
  I leave upon the snow.

Thus (soft I whisper to my breast,)
  Man treads life's weary waste;
Each step that leads to better rest
  Forgot as soon as past!

For what is life and all its bliss?
  The splendour of a fly;
The breathing of a morning's kiss;
  A Summer's flushing sky.

Dismantled lies the gaudy fly;
  Morn droops at evening's frown;
And Summer, tho' so gay her eye,
  Tempestuous terrors crown!

Yes, Lord; but shoots no gladd'ning day
  Thro' this nocturnal scene?
Decks not one gem of lively ray
  Grief's darksome wave unseen?

How sweet the evergreen beguiles
  The gloom of yonder snow!
Thus virtue cheers, with endless smiles,
  Life's wint'ry waste of woe.

Howl then, ye storms; ye tempests, beat
  Round this unshrinking head!
I know a sweet, a soft retreat
  In virtue's peaceful shed!

Drive down, ye hails; pour, snows and winds,
  Pale terror where I stray!
My foot a path, yet verdant, finds
  Where virtue smooths the way!

O thou, by whose all-gracious hand
  The cherub mercy stands,
Smiling at each divine command,
  With fondness o'er the lands;

O let me ne'er with marble eye
  Pale shiv'ring want reject,
Where mourns the long, the deep-drawn sigh,
  The anguish of neglect!

While lordly pride and cushion'd ease
  Petition's tear despise;
O let this hand the mourner raise,
  And wipe her streaming eyes!

When death shall call me to my Lord,
  To bow beneath his throne;
His praise be the divine reward,
  That charity has won.

There, where no wint'ry storms affright,
  No tempests shake the pole;
No gloomy shades of dreary night
  Appal the waking soul;

There, let me ever hymn, adore,
  And love, th' immortal King;
Love, while dread Winter breaks no more
  Th' eternity of Spring!

HUNT.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Oh! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone;
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And ev'n the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One Peace-branch from above!
Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day. MOORE.

OH! HAD I WINGS LIKE YONDER BIRD.

Oh! had I wings like yonder bird,
That soars above its downy nest,
I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,
Where I might be for aye at rest.

I would not seek those fragrant bowers,
Which bloom beneath a cloudless sky,
Nor could I rest amidst those flow'rs,
Which deck the groves of Araby.

I'd fly—but not to scenes below,
Though ripe with every promis'd bliss,
For what's the world? a garnish'd show—
A decorated wilderness.

Oh! I would fly and be at rest,
  Far, far, beyond each glittering sphere
That hangs upon the azure breast,
  Of all we know of heav'n here.

And there I'd rest amidst the joys,
  Which angel lips alone can tell;
Where blooms the bowers of paradise—
  Where songs in sweetest transports swell.

There would I rest, beneath that throne,
  Whose glorious circle gilds the sky;
Where sits Jehovah, who alone,
  Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

ALPHA.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold
And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Gallilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
That host with their banners at sunset were seen
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

JERUS'LEM! JERUS'LEM, THE SPOILER HAS TROD.

JERUS'LEM! Jerus'lem, the spoiler has trod,
On the hill of thy Zion, the mount of thy God;
And the tow'rs of thy city, which brilliantly shone,
Are moulder'd to dust, and thy temple is gone.

But where are thy people, the once happy race,
The Israel of God, and the pride of their place?
Go ask at their prophets, and hear what they say,
For the wrath of Jehovah has forc'd them away.

They are driven afar, 'mong the lands of the earth,
Their name is a scorn, and the place of their birth;
And no more near their Zion, its praises they sing,
For their land is the seat of an infidel king.

But yet, oh! Jerus'lem, thy tow'rs shall again,
Look proud on thy Zion, and smile o'er the plain;
And thy people shall come, where the spoiler has trod,
Their city to build, and give praise to their God.

ALPHA.

THE POWER OF GOD.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:

When day with farewell beam dels
  Among the op'ning clouds of eve
And we can almost think we gaze
  Through golden vistas into heave
Those hues that marks the sun's de
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of stormy
  O'ershadows all the earth and sk
Like some dark beauteous bird, wh
  Is sparkling with a thousand eye
That sacred gloom, those fires divi
So grand, so countless, Lord, are th

When youthful spring around us b
  Thy Spirit warms her fragrant s
And every flow'r the summer wre
  Is born beneath that kindling ey
Where'er we turn, thy glories shin
And all things fair and bright are t

Just such is the christian: his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
  And travels his heavenly way.
But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
  Of rising in brighter array!

WATTS.

THE LOVE OF GOD EXEMPLIFIED.

WHENE'ER we climb the mountain's head
  To greet the harbinger of day,
Or view him sink in ocean's bed,
  Thy love, O God, points ev'ry ray.

In the fresh balmy ev'ning breeze,
  Where groves of gold and verdure shine,
Rich with the perfumes of the trees,
  We hear the voice of love divine.

Love decks the finely varied flow'rs,
  The fragrant progeny of spring,
And round the prison'd senses pours
  Their soft delicious offering.

'Tis love that paints the insect choirs
  With all their gay and gorgeous dyes;
'Tis love the simple bird inspires,
  And charms in all their melodies.

Nay, ev'ry sight that wins the eye,
  And ev'ry sound that wooes the ear,
And ev'ry gale that passes by,
  Proclaims the hand of love is there. G. R.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting, peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know;
Whither, O whither, art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love! and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daises open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky;
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,

Is once again with *Eden* bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the grace.
When thus she spoke——Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone;
Then, while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, *great Source of nature*, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,

Go, search among your idle dr
Your busy or your vain extremes
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

PA

HYMN.

God the everlasting light of his Pe

Ye golden lamps of heav'n, farewell
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, which springs beyond thy s
No more demands thine aid.

Ye, stars, are but the shining d

Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

P. DODDRIDGE.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise all-powerful, Providence.
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But, when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still e'en now while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;

Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver Moon her western couch forsakes
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are:
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful *Word* shall hear.
When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct his fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.
When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ
Than empty, transient, sublunary, joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

SAY.

THE FUNERAL.

An Eclogue.

Stranger. WHOM are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?

Townsman. A long parade, indeed, sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

S. 'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

T. Yonder School-boy
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning.—There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Aye, what was worth last week, a good half million,
Screw'd down in yonder herse.

S. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

T. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the Comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts:
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

S. The camel and the needle,—
Is that then in your mind?

T. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

S. Your pardon, sir;
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

T. Your pardon too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

S. Was his wealth
Stor'd fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

T. All honest, open, honourable, gains;
Fair legal interests, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

S. Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead?

T. For what he left
Undone;—for sins, not one of which is mention'd
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believ'd no other Gods than those of the Creed:
Bow'd to no idols,—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at a custom-house:
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument
To honour his dead father; did no murder:
Was too old-fashion'd for adultery;
Never pick'd pockets: never bore false witness:

r, with that all-commanding wealth,
is neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.
. knew him, then, it seems?

T. As all men know
es of your hundred-thousanders;
er hide their lights beneath a bushel.
· nay, uncharitable sir! for often
nty like a streamlet flow unseen,
g and giving life along its course.
: track the streamlet by the brighter green
ler growth it gives :—but, as for this—
a pool that stagnated and stunk,
. of heaven engender'd nothing in it
) and foul corruption.

S. Yet even these
voirs, whence public charity
s her channels full.

T. Now, sir, you touch
point. This man of half a million
hese public virtues which you praise:—
oor man rung never at his door;
old beggar, at the public gate,
the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
· how vain it was to lift an eye
ard face. Yet he was always found
our ten and twenty pound subscribers,
efactors in the news-papers.
were money put to interest
her world,—donations to keep open
g charity-account with heaven:—
g fees against the last assizes,
r the trusted talents, strict account
equired from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
) own cause as plaintiff.

Some decent rheum. The very mirening
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have liv'd, that thus
Costs not the soiling one white handker
T. Who should lament for him, sir
heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard hi
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole
With creeping pace; she never rais'd he
To woo kind words from him, nor laid
Up-rais'd upon his knee, with fondling
How could it be but thus! Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taugh
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should ha
The open air and sun-shine of the field
To give his blood its natural spring an
He, in a close and dusky counting-hou

T. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve-months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

SOUTHEY.

PSALM.

View of the heavenly bodies.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radient orbs be found;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

A PARAPHRASE

On the latter part of the 6th Chapter of St. Matthew.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all, your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears:
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair,—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song:
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint, in vain;
He hears the gay, and the distressful, call;
And, with unsparing bounty, fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;
Observe the various vegetable race;

They neither toil nor spin; but, careless, grow;
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare,
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?
If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds;
If, o'er the fields, such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

THOMSON.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,

By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possest.
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent step may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the *Rich* or praise the *Great;*
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades;
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrou
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound

O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waste.
But, when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

PARNELL.

The murmur arose, as I silently gaz'd
On the shadowy waves' playful mo
From the dim distant isle till the beacon
Like a star in the midst of the ocea

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's b
Was heard in his wildly breath'd m
The sea bird has flown to her wave-gir
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I look'd from the hills' gen
All hush'd was the billows' commoti
And I thought that the beacon look'd lov
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is
Yet, when my head rests on its pillo
Will memory sometimes rekindle the st
That blaz'd on the breast of the billo

In life's closing hour, when the tremblin
And death stills the soul's last emotio
O then may the

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend, your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting? POPE.

PSALM.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

When worn with sickness, oft has thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten *thousand thousand* precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,

Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

"SEEING WE ARE COMPASSED ABOUT WITH SO GREAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

Could we but look beyond our sphere,
And trace along the azure sky,
The myriads that were inmates here,
Since Abel's spirit soar'd on high.
Then might we tell of those who see
Our wand'rings from Eternity!

But human frailty could not gaze,
On such a cloud of splendid light,
As heavens sacred court displays,
Of blessed spirits cloth'd in white,
Who, from the fears of death are free—
And look from an Eternity.

They look, but ne'er return again,
  To tell the secrets of their home,
And kindliest tears for them are vain,
  For never! never, shall they come—
Till times pale light begin to flee,
Before a bright Eternity.

Could we but gaze beyond our sphere,
  Within the golden porch of heav'n,
And see those spirits which appear,
  Like stars upon the robe of Even.
But no, like stars, as still they see,
Our wanderings from Eternity.

The crimes of men which heaven saw,
  And pitied with a parent's eye;
Could ne'er a kindred spirit draw,
  In mercy from its home on high,—
They look, but all they know or see,
Is silent as Eternity

At noonday hour, or midnight deep,
  Its bright inhabitant draws nigh;
And though a parent's offspring weep,
  No whisper echoes from the sky.
Though friends may gaze, yet all they see
Is known but in Eternity.

Yet we may look beyond our sphere,
  On *one* who shines among the throng;
And we by Faith may also hear,
  The triumphs of a glorious song;
And while we gaze on Him, we see
The path to this Eternity.

ALPHA.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
  The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
  Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
  From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
  It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
  The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
  The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
  Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
  It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
  It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
  It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
  I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
  The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

RETROSPECTION.

THUS far on Life's perplexing path,
  Thus far the Lord our steps hath led,
Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,
  Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head;

Here then we pause, look back, adore,
Like ransom'd Israel from the shore.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
  As all our fathers in their day,
We to a Land of Promise go,
  Lord! by thine own appointed way;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

Protect us through this wilderness
  From serpent plague, and hostile rage;
With bread from heaven our table bless,
  With living streams our thirst assuage;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but Thine.

Thy righteous laws to us proclaim,
  But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft, be thy name,
  Thy pow'r, and all thy goodness shown;
And may we never bow the knee
To any other gods but Thee.

Thy presence with us, move or rest;
  —And as the eagle, o'er her brood,
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
  Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly;
—Thus, thus prepare us for the sky.

When we have number'd all our years,
  And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with human fears,
  Oh! let not then the spirit shrink;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream,—to rise above.

MONTGOMERY.

LOOKING UPWARD ON A STORI

God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not that word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They, whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

THE LAST DAY.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on
That secret coming of the Son of Man;

ıe cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
ith his bright advancing sign;
ıt great Husbandman shall wave his
fan,
ike chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
noontide of that nightless day,
u thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
ıusy mart and crowded street,
ınd the seller still shall meet,
riage feasts begin their jocund strain.
pouring out the cup of woe;
ı drunkard, reeling to and fro,
ains molten by his burning feet,
his presence own, all red with furnace
heat.
trembling like a timid child,
y awful voice—alarm'd—afraid—
ahes of thy lightning wild,
he very grave would hide my head.
t is man? up to the sun he flies—
wanders through earth's vale of dust:
lost 'midst heav'n's high mysteries,
in error and in darkness lost:
storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
sailor—by the tempest tost,
shall then survive?
shall stand and live?
ıat hath been is no more;
r the round earth hung in air,
its constellations fair,
s azure canopy;
he breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
ry deluge without shore,
ong th' abyss profound and dark,
ıge and without an ark.
ıower, when thou art there alone

On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
  That in its high meridian noon
  Need not the perish'd sun nor moon.
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
  Wide scepter'd monarch o'er the realm of d
  When from the sea-depths, from earth's da
    womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait;
And when the tribes of wickedness are strew
  Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine
Faithful and true! thou still shalt save thine
  The saints shall dwell with unharming fir
Each white robe spotless, blooming every pal
Even safe as we, by this still Fountain's sid
So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic
  Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of ca
Yes,' mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem!

MII

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL O'ER EGYPT'S DARK

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark se
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
  His chariots and horsemen, all splendid an
    brave,
How vain was their boasting!—The Lord h
    but spoken,
  And chariots and horsemen are sunk in th
    wave,
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,

His word was our arrow his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride glory,
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

MOORE.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided snow,
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest;
While ev'ry breath of eve that chanc'd to blow,
Wafted the trav'ller to the beauteous west.
mblem, methought of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is giv'n,
l by the breath of mercy made to roll
light onward to the golden gates of heav'n.
re to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

THE GRAVE.

t is a calm for those who weep;
for weary pilgrims found:
oftly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart, beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

The grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, pride!

Art thou a mourner? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

O live! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heav'n's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam;
Live! thou shalt reach a shelt'ring port,
A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heav'nly balm.

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chast'ning sorrows see
The hand of God.

uised reed he will not break;
:tions all his children feel;
rounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

ıbled beneath his mighty hand,
rate, his providence adore:
lone! arise! *He* bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

, trav'ller in the vale of tears!
salms of everlasting light,
' Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

s is a calm for those who weep,
t for weary pilgrims found;
while the moul'dring ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

soul, of origin divine,
s glorious image freed from clay,
eav'n's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

un is but a spark of fire,
nsient meteor in the sky;
soul, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE!

MONTGOMERY.

THE DOVE.

love let loose in eastern skies,
turning fondly home,
stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
ere idle warblers roam;

So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to thee.

No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF THE WOR

In the morning of life, when its sweet sunl
Shines bright on our path, we may drea
blest,
We may look on the world as a gay fairy
Where sorrows unknown, and the wea

ı where are those bowers, in some gay happy
plain,
'here hope ne'er deceives, and where love is aye
true;
·re the brightness of morning shines on but to
gain
sunshine as bright and as promising too?

ask for it not, in this valley of night,
'here we smile but to weep, and we ne'er can
find rest;
the world we would wish, shines afar in the
skies,
ıo sorrows unknown—'tis the home of the
blest!

ALPHA.

HEAVENLY MINSTREL.

Ethereal'd upon a hill of light,
A heav'nly minstrel sings;
And sounds, unutterably bright,
Spring from the golden strings.
Who would have thought so fair a form
Once bent beneath an earthly storm!

Yet was he sad and lonely here;
Of low and humble birth;
And mingled, while in this dark sphere,
With meanest sons of earth.
In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
The jest of mortals and the scorn.

A crown of heav'nly radiance now,
A harp of golden strings,
Glitters upon his deathless brow,
And to his hymn-note rings.

Let us not think what he
But what he soon will b
And look beyond this earth
To crowns of gold, and bov

EVENING HYMN FOR FAMI

O Lord, another day is flow
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before th
To bless thy fostering han

And wilt thou bend a listeni
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost lov
The song which meekness

And Jesus, thou thy smiles w
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant
And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its pa
And let

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
'Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall gree
The dawn of lasting day.

H. K. WHIT.

A SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he blessed his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor;—
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
Feed, feed my sheep, are ever at his heart,
The cross of CHRIST is ay before his eyes.
O, how I love, with melted soul, to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! What tho' the opening spring be chill!
Althe' the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod,
That still o'ertops the blade! Altho' no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand,
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream!
What tho' the clouds oft lower! Their threats but end
In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violet, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe,—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf,)
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.

Sweet is the sunny nook, to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roamed,
Heeding where,—so lovely all around,
The works of GOD, arrayed in vernal smile!

While, disregardful of yon lon
The harbinger of chill night's
Sweet Redbreat, SCOTIA'S Phi
In desultory strains, his evenin

A SUMMER SABBATH

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; i
My heart: pleasant the cool ben
That throw across the stream a
Here nature in her midnoon wh
How peaceful every sound!—the
Moaned from the twilight centre
While every other woodland lay
Save when the wren flits from her
And from the root-sprigs trills h
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chi
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled
That, soon as loosed, booms with f
The sudden rushing of the minno
Scared from the shallows by my
Dimpling the water glides

(Where safe and happily he might have lurked)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

Now, let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air: Grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below: how sweet the placid view!
But, O! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing Him, who gave the Sabbath day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline; to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;

Upon the adverse slope, where st
The shepherd's shadow thrown at
As on the topmost ridge he home
How deep the hush! the torrent's
Presents a stony steep, the echo's
But hark, a plaintive sound floati
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shielin
Away, now rises full; it is the so
Which He,—who listens to the h
Of choiring Seraphim—delights t
It is the music of the heart, the v
Of venerable age,—of guileless you
In kindly circle seated on the grou
Before their wicker door: Behold
The grandsire and the saint; his si
Beam in the parting ray; before hi
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the
His comfort, stay, and ever new-de
While, heedless, at a side, the lispin
Fondles the lamb that nightly share

AN AUTUMN SABBATH W

But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range;
(It was not wide.) no dog would bay at him:
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit! that now looks on me,
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath,
That circles Autumn's brow: The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks. Oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chace, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

GRAHAME.

narrow pathway level v
Hid are the bushes, save that
Are seen the topmost shoots c
High-ridged, the whirled drif
The powdered key-stone of th
Mute hangs the hooded bell; t
No step approaches to the hou

The flickering fall is o'er: t
And shew the sun, hung o'er t
Shooting a bright but ineffectu
On all the sparkling waste. N
To visit nature in her grand att
Though perilous the mountainou
A noble recompense the danger
How beautiful the plain stretche
Unvaried though it be, save by y
With azure windings, or the leaf
But what the beauty of the plain
To that sublimity which reigns e
Holding joint rule with solitude c
Among yon rocky fells, that bid d
To steps the most adventurously b
There silence dwells profound; or
Of high-piled

Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. O, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night winds sweep the gathering drift
away:—
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers: Then to the pastures
green
He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

GRAHAME.

HYMN.

Behold! th' Ambassador Divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
The heav'nly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wond'ring ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

me outward progress of
Shall never know decl
Till foreign lands and di
Receive the law divine

He who spread forth the
And bade the planets r
Who laid the basis of the
And form'd the human

Thus saith the soul, 'The
'A Prophet from the al
'Wide o'er the nations to
'The message from on h

'Before thy face the shades
'Shall take to sudden fli
'The people who in darkne
'Shall hail a glorious ligh

'The gates of Brass shall su
'The Iron fetters fall;
'The promis'd Jubilee of H
'Appointed rise o'er all.

'And lo! presaging thy appr
'The heathen

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
  Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes predicted now,
  Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
  Let earth his praise resound:
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
  And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord! begin
  The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
  The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
  Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
  With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant land
  Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountains tops
  Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combin'd with one accord
  Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
  The nations sounds his praise.

LOGAN.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Yet once more, and once more, awake, my harp,
From silence and neglect—one lofty strain;
Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven,
And speaking mysteries, more than words can tell,
I ask of thee; for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.

[illegible].—Near two thousa
Have set their seals upon the rolling l
Of generations, since the day-spring fi
Beamed from on high!—Now to the r
Of that increasing aggregate, we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison
How small, yet mark'd with how muc
Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence
Over the nations hanging her dread sco
The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm
Forcing the scanty portion from the we
And steeping the lone widow's couch w
So has the year been character'd with w
In Christian land, and mark'd with w
crimes;
Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus
Whose birth we this day celebrate with p
And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of
Went on the way appointed,—path, thou
Yet borne with patience still:—He came
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and benighted mi
To pour the light of truth.—O task divi
O more than [illegible]

THE SACRED LYRE.

When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek,
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'
His persecutors—"Father, pardon them,
They know not what they do."

Angels of Heaven,
Ye who beheld him fainting on the cross
And did him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, he will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now,
Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow are no more.

* * * * * * *

H. K. WHITE.

THE MADNESS OF INFIDELITY.

ere virtue's recompense is doubtful, here,
' man dies wholly, well may we demand,
hy is man suffer'd to be good in vain?
hy to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?
ay to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
ray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
r whispers nature lies on virtue's parts?
f blind instinct (which assumes the name
acred conscience) plays the fool in man,

Or, both are true, or man survives

Or man survives the grave, or ow
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdit
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are t
Grant man immortal, and thy scorn
The man immortal rationally brave,
Dares rash on death,—because he ca
But if man loses all, when life is los
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, rev
Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves

When, to the grave, we follow the
For valor, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for worth, whose no
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;
Dream we, that lustre of the moral w
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the
Why was he wise to know, and warm
And strenuous to transcribe, in human
The mind almighty? could it be, that f
Just when the lineaments began to shin
Should snatch the draught, and

Why not compassioned too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,
To make us but more wretched; wisdom's eye.
Acute for what? To spy more miseries;
And worth, so recompens'd new points their stings:
Or man the grave surmounts, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in savage-sport,
Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain from seeming claims so fair?
In future age lies no redress? and shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made?
The worst to wallow, and the best to weep.
Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?
This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heav'n suits in all;
Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
Man is a monster, the reproach of heav'n,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man,
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
Thro' every scene of sense superior far;
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,

[illegible] sounds forbidden, where no cur
Their ill no more than strikes the se
By previous dread or murmur in th
When the worst comes, it comes unfe
Begins and ends their woe: they die
Blest, incommunicable privilege!
For which who rules the globe, and r
Philosopher, or here, sighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brute
No day, no glimpse of day to solve th
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole and sweet solution! that unite
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face
Restores bright order; casts the brute
And re-inthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n here, admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more
Each virtue brings in hand a golden d
Far richer in reversion: hope exults;
And, tho' much bitter in our cup is th
Predominates, and gives the taste of he
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'
Still [illegible]

The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?
Canst thou suspect, what makes us disbelieve
Our immortality, should prove it sure?

YOUNG.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze:
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

Behold the changes of the skies
And see the circling seasons rise;
Hence let the mournful truth, refin'd,
Improve the beauty of the mind.
Winter late, with dreary reign,
Ruled the wide unjoyous plain;

Dade the expiring world dec
Now cast around thy raptur
And see the beauteous Sprin
See flowers invest the hills ag
And streams re-murmur o'er
Hark! hark! the joy-inspirin
Echoes to the voice of Love.
Balmy gales the sound prolon
Wafting round the woodland
Such the scenes our life displa
Swiftly fleet our rapid days.
The hour that rolls for ever on
Tells us our years must soon b
Sudden death, with mournful g
Sweeps us downward to the to
Life, and health, and joy, decay
Nature sinks and dies away.
But the soul, in gayest bloom,
Disdains the bondage of the tom
Ascends above the clouds of even
And, raptur'd, hails her native
Youth, and peace, and beauty, th
For ever dance around the year.
An endl

TO THE FLYING FISH.

When I have seen thy snowy wing,
O'er the blue wave at evening, spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush, to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

Oh! Virtue, when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below:
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

T. MOORE.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'
Thou wert; and, when the subterraneous fi
Shall burst its prison, and devour this fram
From angry heav'n when the keen lightnin
When fervent heat dissolves the melting ski
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before
And know no change, when time shall be no
O endless thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thes
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing m
Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd r
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden w
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behi
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd
And all thy hoards with lavish hand dispers
Should certain fate th' impending blow dela
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels war
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For, while the boundless theme extends our th
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are no

A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grateful hours
Move silent on: the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft,
Diana's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where, wrapt in silent shade,
he mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
nd fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
ves forward; and with radiant finger points
you blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
ere, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
ine, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
ess and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
ll this field of glories: spacious field,
worthy of the master: he whose hand,
hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
r'd the mystic tablet; hung on high
ile gaze; and said, *Adore*, O man,
our of thy God!—From what pure wells

Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these fri
For ever streaming o'er the azure dee
To point our path and light us to our
How soft they slide along their lucid
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self
And, but a scatter'd leaf which rustle
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound h
To break the midnight air; though th
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry br
How deep the silence, yet how loud t
But are they silent all? or is there no
A tongue in every star that talks wit
And woos him to be wise? nor woo
This dead of midnight is the noon of
And wisdom mounts her zenith with
At this still hour the self-collected so
Turns inward and beholds a stranger
Of high descent, and more than mort
An embryo God; a spark of fire divi
Which must burn on for ages, when
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrap
Forgets his wonted journey through
Ye citadels of light, and seats of G
Perhaps my future home, from when
Revolving periods past, may oft look
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left belo
Its deep-laid projects and its strange
As on some fond and doting tale tha
Her infant hours—O be it lawful m
To tread the hallow'd circle of your
And with mute wonder and delighte
Approach your burning confines!—Se

THE SACRED LYRE.

On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch; fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
ns of the morning, first born of creation,
nd only less than him who marks their track,
nd guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
r is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
spels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
f habitable nature, far remote,
the dread confines of eternal night,
solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
deserts of creation, wide and wild,
ne embryo systems and unkindled suns
in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
thought, astonish'd, stops her bold career.
h thou mighty Mind! whose pow'rful word
Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
shall I seek thy presence? how, unblam'd,
thy dread perfection?——
he broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
the beamy shoulder of Orion
thy throne? O look with pity down
ng, guilty, man! not in thy names
r clad; not with those thunders arm'd

That conscious Sinai felt, when fear s
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a ge
That whispers comfort to the swelling
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her M

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch
In flights so daring, drops her weary
And seeks again the known accustom'
Drest up with sun, and shade, and
streams;
A mansion fair and spacious for its gr
And full replete with wonders. Let
Content and grateful, wait the appoin
And ripen for the skies; the hour wi
When all these splendors, bursting on
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravisl
Unlock the glories of the world unkno

SABBATH IN SCOTLAND

O SCOTLAND! much I love thy tranqu
But most on Sabbath eve, when low t
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis r
Wandering and stopping oft, to hear t
Of kindred praise arise from humble r
Or, when the simple service ends, to l
The lifted latch, and mark the grey-ha
The father and the priest, walk forth
Into his garden-plat, or little field,
To commune with his God in secret p
To bless the Lord, that in his downw
His children are about him: Sweet, n
The thrush, that sings upon the aged
Brings to his view the days of youthf

When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought; he joys to think
His journey near a close,—heaven is his home.
More happy far that man, though bowed down,
Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
Of riches, and of fame, who have renounced
The glorious promise of the life to come,—
Clinging to death.

GRAHAME.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE setting orb of night her level ray
Shed o'er the land, and, on the dewy sward,
The lengthened shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretched,—when in the east arose,
Last of the stars, day's harbinger: No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot:
Within the rock-barred sepulchre, the gloom
Deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The holy one; but, lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow:
Linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath,
Rent by storms into a mountain cave:
Bright, and more bright, the circling halo beamed
That face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign
Death; the eyes, that wept for human griefs,
Ope, and look around with conscious joy:
With returning life, the first emotion
Flowed in JESUS' breast of love, was joy
Of redemption, now complete; at death
Dead; the grave transformed into the couch

Of faith; the resurrection and the life.
Majestical he rose; trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled
The keepers fell; the angel awe-struck
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the World walked, and
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the cl
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

NATURE is lavish of her loveliness,
Until that loveliness, if not denied
Becomes a theme, which, whose wo
And dwell with fondness on, men
And even thou, bright Sun! who in
And gorgeous beauty, dost so ofte
Art scarcely noticed:—many turn a
With cold indiff'rence from the sc
'Tis one which he who feels—for hou
forget!

Have I not found it such, when, at
Of a long day in close confinemen
I've wander'd forth—and seen thy
On the horizon of the firmament
O! I have gazed upon thee—with i
And silent ardour, till I could ha
The clouds which compass'd thee, by t
With glory, as thy brightness th
gleam'd,—
Beautiful in themselves—with beau
teem'd.

And I have look'd at them—until the story
Of BUNYAN's Pilgrims seem'd a tale more
true:—
How he beheld their entrance into glory—
And saw them pass the pearly portal through;—
Catching, meanwhile, a beatific view
Of that bright city—shining like the sun,
Whose glittering streets appear'd of golden hue,
And in them many men—their conflicts done,
Were walking, robed—with palms—and crowned
every one!

For can imagination upward soar
To thee, and to thy daily path on high,
Nor feel, if it have never felt before,
Fresh admiration of thy majesty?
Thy home is in the beautiful blue sky!
From whence thou lookest on this world of ours,
As but one satellite thy beams supply [powers
With light and gladness—thy exhaustless
Call forth in other worlds sweet Spring's returning
flowers.

Yes,—as in this, in other worlds the same,
The Seasons do thee homage—each in turn;
Spring, with a smile, exults to hear thy name;
Then Summer woos thy bright but brief sojourn
To bless her bowers; while deeper ardours burn
On Autumn's glowing cheek when thou art
And even Winter half foregoes her stern [nigh;
And frigid aspect, as thy bright'ning eye
Falls on her features pale, nor can thy power deny.

Yet—spite of all:—though thou appear'st to be
The type of thy Creator; seeming source
Of light and life, on earth, in air, in sea—
To countless millions in thy mighty course:—

Now listening to the dash of ocean, hoarse
Upon its rocky marge; or to the sound
Of stormy winds, rejoicing in their force;—
Or softer harmonies which float around,
From deep and verdant vales, or mountains forest-crown'd:—

And though on earth thou hast beheld the away
Of Time, which alters all things; and may'st look
On pyramids as piles of yesterday, [nook
Which were not in thy youth:—although no
Of earth, perchance, retain the form it took
When first thou didst behold it:—even thou
Must know, in turn, thy strength and glory strook;
Must lose the radiant crown that decks thy brow,
Day's regal sceptre yield,—and to a Mightier bow!

For thou thyself art but a gaude of Time,
Whose birth with thy original did blend;
Together ye began your course sublime,
And as sublime will be your destined end.
For, soon, or late, as Oracles portend,
One final consummation shall ye meet:
Thou into nothingness again must wend,
When this vast world dissolves with fervent heat:—
His revolutions end, his cycle be complete.

And then shall follow an eternal day,
Illumed by splendour far surpassing thine;
For He, who made thee, shall Himself display,
And in the brightness of his glory shine,—
Absorbing all, and sinking all divine:— [fall;
Before His throne the hosts of heaven shall

And space itself shall be but as a shrine,
Where everlasting praises cannot pall,
Pour'd forth before THE LAMB, and GOD, the
OF ALL!

BERNARD BAR

A WISH.

Oh for the dreamless rest of those
That in the dust serenely sleep—
That feel no more their own wild woes,
That hear no more their kindred weep!
How blest are those that in the clay
Forget the pangs this being gave!
No fears appal, no hopes betray,
The peaceful inmates of the grave.
Though near the house of pray'r they lie,
They never hear the Sabbath bell;
Nor when the funeral passes by,
Start at the dead man's passing knell.
Though whirlwinds wild o'er nature sweep,
Though battles fill the world with woes,
Though orphans wail, and widows weep,
It ne'er disturbs their calm repose.
Though there no coral lip be prest,
Though there shall heave no mutual sighs;
No cheek repose on beauty's breast—
Yet oh how still the sleeper lies!
Though there no friendly hand shall shake
The hand of friendship any more—
What then?—the heart that wish'd to break
Is broken, and the strife is o'er.

No tear-drops o'er the cold cheek start,
  No dark shades o'er the spirit wave;
No writhing pang distracts the heart
  Of those that moulder in the grave.

Oh for the dreamless rest of those
  That in the grave serenely sleep—
That feel no more their own wild woes,
  That hear no more their kindred weep!

ANON.

ON THE VANITY OF MONUMENTAL GRANDEUR.

Could we conceive Death was indeed the close
  Of our existence, Nature might demand
That, where the reliques of our friends repose,
  Some record to their memory should stand,
To keep them unforgotten in the land:—
  Then, then indeed, urn, tomb, or marble bust,
By sculptor's art elaborately plann'd [dust,
  Would seem a debt due to their mouldering
Though time would soon efface the perishable trust.

But hoping, and believing; yea, through Faith,
  Knowing, because His word has told us so,
That Christ, our Captain, triumph'd over Death,
  And is the first fruits of the dead below;—
That he has trod for man this path of woe,
  Dying—to rise again!—we would not grace
Death's transitory spell with trophied show;
  As if that "shadowy vale" supply'd no trace
To prove the grave is not our final dwelling-place.

Then be our burial-grounds, as should become
  A simple, but a not unfeeling race:

Let them appear, to outward semblance, dumb
As best befits the quiet dwelling-place
Appointed for the prisoners of Grace,
Who wait the promise by the Gospel given,—
When the last trump shall sound,—the trembling base
Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be riven,
And all the dead arise before the hosts of Heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail
Unto the "spiritual body" will be found
The costliest canopy, or proudest tale
Recorded on it?—what avail the bound
Of holy, or unconsecrated ground?
As freely will the unencumber'd sod
Be cleft asunder at that trumpet's sound,
As Royalty's magnificent abode:
As pure its inmate rise, and stand before his God.

BERNARD BARTON.

NIGHT.

Night is the time to rest;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose:
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions *less beguiling* far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

That poets sang, or heroes v

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, wl
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in tl
But perished young, like thi

Night is the time to watch;
On Ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catc
The full Moon's earliest gl
That brings unto the home-si
All we have loved and left be

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mis-spe
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus midst his slumber
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart gl

Night is the time

Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.
Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of Heaven's bliss and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

MONTGOMERY.

NATURE.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.
Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.
He bows the heav'ns—the mountains stand
A highway for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land,—
'Tis Eden where he trod.
The forests in his strength rejoice,
Hark! on the ev'ning breeze,
once of old, the Lord God's voice
heard among the trees.

Here on the hills he feeds his herds,
  His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
  O could we catch their strains!

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
  Up to the gates of light;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
  Our numbers through the night!

In ev'ry stream his bounty flows,
  Diffusing joy and wealth;
In ev'ry breeze his Spirit blows,
  The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous show'rs
  Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flow'rs,
  And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
  Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
  Will Paradise be found!

MONTGOMERY.

TO THE MORNING LARK.

FEATHER'D lyric! warbling high
Sweetly gaining on the sky—
Opening with thy matin lay,
Nature's hymn, the eye of day,
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar and thus to sing!

While bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,

May the Day-spring from on high,
Seen by Faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray,
Promise of eternal day!

ANO

THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years, away;
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;—
What is it?—Mortal Man!
It is the scythe of Time:
—A shadow only to the eye;
Yet, in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky;
And still, through each succeeding year,
Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And Time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years, away;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass it falls;
For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps

Then Time, the Conqueror, 1
His scythe, a trophy, o'er 1
Whose moving shadow shall 1
Each frail beholder's doom.
O'er the wide earth's illumin
Though Time's triumphant
The truest index on its face
Points from the church-yar

MORTALITY.

O WHY should the spirit of mortal
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast fl
A flash of the lightning, a break of
He passes from life to his rest in th

The leaves of the oak and the willo
Be scattered around, and together b
And the young and the old, and the lo

THE SACRED LYRE.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath born
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiv'n,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
nd we run the same course that our fathers have run.

e thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
[would shrink,
m the death we are shrinking from, they too
he life we are clinging to they too would cling—
it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

' loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may
ome,
oyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

ied—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
alk on the turf that lies over their brow,

Who make in their dwellings a transient a
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrima

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure a
Are mingled together like sunshine and ra
And the smile and the tear and the song and t
Still follow each other like surge upon sur

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of
From the blossom of health to the paleness
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the s
O why should the spirit of mortal be prou

PAUL ACCUSED BEFORE THE TRIBUNA THE AREOPAGUS.

LISTEN, that voice! upon the hill of Mars,
Rolling in bolder thunders, than e'er peal
From lips that shook the Macedonian thro
Behold his dauntless outstretch'd arm, his
Illum'd of heaven:—he knoweth not the f
Of man, of principalities, of powers.
The Stoic's moveless frown; the vacant st
Of Epicurus' herd; the scowl and gnash o
Of Superstition, stopping both her ears;
The Areopagite tribunal dread,
From whence the doom of SOCRATES was utt
This hostile throng dismays him not; he s
As if no wordly object could inspire
A terror in his soul;—as if the vision,
Which, when he journey'd to Damascus, a
From heaven, still swam before his eyes,
Out-dazzling all things earthly; as if the
That spake from out the effulgence, ever r
Within his ear, inspiring him with words

Burning, majestic, lofty, as his theme,—
The resurrection, and the life to come.

GRAHAME.

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY INFANT.

Were thou a stranger from the world of bliss?
Some little seraph wand'ring from thy sphere,
Which came to tarry for a night in this,—
And with the light of morn to disappear?

Tell us, sweet babe, what made thee lose thy way,
Amidst those stars which deck the azure sky?
Tell us, sweet babe, why with the morning's ray,
Thy spirit wing'd again its flight on high?

Did something vex thee in this world below?
Or did some angel trace thy wand'ring path?
And to prevent thy days and nights of woe,
Allur'd the bark beyond the stream of death.

Yet, thou art happy, though thy mouldering bark,
Must lie for ages on time's stormy shore,
Where all is lone, and desolate, and dark,
But where its loudest tempests vex no more.

Yes, thou art happy, and thy pure delight,
Recalls no more, thy silent wand'rings here;
For every sin of that short fleeting night,
Was laid on *one*, and paid with many a tear.

Ah! 'twas enough, poor wand'rer of an hour,
To touch time's verge, and breathe its very sigh;
Make thee pass that vale, whose dark'ning lower,
Must open up the portals of the sky.

ALPHA.

HEAVEN.

The golden palace of my God
Tow'ring above the clouds I see.
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, Thou life-giver, there,
Conduct me to Thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God!

RUSSIAN POETRY.

THE NATIVITY.

When Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill;
When Bethl'hem's shepherds through the night
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heav'n bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

THE SACRED LYRE

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart:
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's op'ning scene survey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That virtues path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
But, oh, what toils oppose!

For see! ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

Oh how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
  Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
  My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mov'd, oppressive sleep
  Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
  An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
  Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
  And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
  Ev'n now my steps they lave!
And death to my affrighted eyes
  Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat!
  Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
  And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
  When sudden to mine ear
A voice, descending from on high,
  Reprov'd my erring fear:

'What tho' the swelling surge thou see
  'Impatient to devour;
'Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
  'And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
  "Thus far," the Almighty said,
"Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
  "Let thy proud waves be stay'd.

I heard; and, lo! at once control'd,
  The waves; in wild retreat,
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
  And murmuring left my feet.

Deeps to assemble deeds in vain
  Once more the signal gave:
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
  And check th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise,
  The imag'd truth I read;
And sudden from my waking eyes
  Th' instructive vision fled.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
  'Say why, distrustful still,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
  'O'er scenes of future ill?

'Let faith suppress each rising fear,
  'Each anxious doubt exclude;
'Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
  'A Maker wise and good!

'He to thy ev'ry trial knows
  'Its just restraint to give;
'Attentive to behold thy woes,
  'And faithful to relieve.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
  'Say why, distrustful still,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
  'O'er scenes of future ill?

'Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round
  'Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
  '*And curbs the headlong tide.*'

MERRICK

THE HEBREW POET.

SHEW me the man that dares and sings
Great David's verse to British strings:
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tower again.

The bard that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,
Reaching at Zion, sham'd his skill,
And bids the sons of Albion own,
That Judah's psalmist reigns alone.

Blest poet! now, like gentle Thames,
He soothes our ears with silver streams:
Like his own Jordan now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars; and lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre;
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eye-lids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire:

In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watry mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promis'd land.

Here camps with wide embattl'd force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course,
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strew'd with ruin'd walls.

e his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
nd mows down nations with their kings:
on every chord his bolts are hurl'd,
d vengeance smites the rebel world.

the great poet shifts the scene,
l shows the face of God serene.
th, meekness, peace, salvation ride,
guards of justice at his side.

leaner muse could weave the light,
rm his robes divinely bright;
ame a crown of stars to shine
beams of majesty divine.

Now in prophetic light he sees
Ages to come, and dark degrees:
He brings the Prince of Glory down,
Stripped of his robe and starry crown

See Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage;
See their combining powers engage
Against the Anointed of the Lord,
The man whom angels late ador'd.

God's only Son: behold, he dies:
Surprising grief! The groans arise,
The lyre complains on every string,
And mourns the murder of her king.

But heaven's Anointed must not dwell
In death: the vanquish'd powers of Hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay;
The grave resigns the illustrious prey.

Messiah lives! Messiah reigns!
The song surmounts the airy plains,
To attend her Lord with joys unknown,
And bear the victor to his throne.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of Glory nigh:
Eternal doors, your leaves display,
To make the Lord of glory way.

What mortal bard has skill or force
To paint these scenes, to tread this course,
Or furnish through the ethereal road
A triumph for a rising God?

Astonish'd at so vast a flight
Through flaming worlds, and floods of light,
My muse her awful distance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling steps.

She bids her humble verse explain
The Hebrew harp's sublimer strain;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What course the Sun of Glory goes.

Here he ascends behind a cloud
Of incense*; there he sets in blood†;
She reads his labours and his names
In spicy smoke†, and bleeding lambs†.

Rich are the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and Jewish laws;
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

Grace is her theme, and joy, and love:
Descend, ye blessings, from above,
And crown my song. Eternal God,
Forgive the muse that dreads thy rod.

Silent, she hears thy vengeance roll,
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bolt, nor sheds
The immortal curses on their heads.

Yet since her God if still the same,
And David's Son is all her theme,
She begs some humble place to sing
In concert with Judea's king.

WATTS.

THE VILLAGE CLERGYMAN.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild;

* *Christ's intercession.* † His sacrifice.

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year!
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place.
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise;
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away!
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learned to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe; [glow,
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, e'er charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd on virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird, each fond endearment tries,
To tempt his new fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismay'd,

s rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
pair and anguish fled the trembling soul;
afort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
d his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
s looks adorn'd the venerable place:
th from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
d fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
e service past, around the pious man,
h ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
d pluck'd his gown, to share good man's smile.
s ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
ir welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
; all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
swelling from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
s' [illegible] breast the rolling clouds are spread,
eternal [illegible]ine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

PROVIDENCE

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
  And works His sov'reign will.

Ye *fearful saints, fresh* courage take;
  The clouds, ye so much dread,

Are big with mercy and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
  And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE SOUGHT FROM GOD.

SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

Without whose kind directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion toss,
And in a maze of error lost;

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing Spirit came.

My mortal freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-pois'd, and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may my steadfast bosom bear
The stamp of heav'n, an honest heart,
Above the mean disguise of art.

May my expanded soul disdain
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

O Father! grace and virtue grant!
No more I wish, no more I want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

HENRY MOORE.

MORNING.

When day-light breaks, and sheds his rays abroad,
Bask from the splendour of his sunny glow;
Let thy soul leave the earth, and soar to God,
As the sweet flower turns to the sun below,
And drinks the blessed rays which from his brightness flow.

Oh! let not nature's praises soar on high,
Ere thy lips open with its morning prayer;
Let not the larks shrill music fill the sky,
Ere thy heart lifts its aspirations there;
But let the dawn of morn thy orisons declare.

Morn is the time, to see thy prayers begun;
For morning hymn'd the young Creation's birth;
And the grave open'd with the morning sun,
When man's redemption was complete on earth;
And morn shall *see our God* in judgement coming *forth.*

Serve God at morn, that solemn hallowed hour,
When nature wakes, as from the sleep of death,
When the glad song from mountain, grove, and bower,
Is heard through heaven, and on the earth beneath,
Serve God, let him receive thy morning's early breath.

Happy the day, whose first beam bears thy song
On his bright wing, up to the gate of heaven,
Where thy faint praises mingle with that throng,
Who rest not from their hallelujahs morn or even,
To whom the glorious palm of victory is given.

Happy the day, whose hours are thus begun;
A day from storms, and every tempest free,
Though clouds may rise, the splendour of the sun
Will make the darkness and the shadows flee,
As mist from mountain tops when they the morning see.

Happy the day,—there's promise in its close;
A brighter promise than the morning gave;
For when its sunset o'er creation throws
A lustre, and then sparkles on the wave,
Its parting beam shall rest all glorious on thy grave.

ALPHA.

CHRIST'S PASSION.

No more of earthly subjects sing;
To heaven, my muse, aspire;
To raise the song, charge ev'ry string,
And strike the living lyre.
Begin, in lofty numbers show
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love.

Who reigns the Sov'reign God above
And suffers on the cross below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers shall I bring along?
From whence shall I begin the song.
The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspir'd,
Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man has God expir'd.
I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son;
I'll raise my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conquest o'er his doom;
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To seal more sure the rav'nous tomb.
Three days, th' infernal empire to subdue;
He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe;
With his own Dart the tyrant Death he slew,
And led Hell captive through her realms below.
A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The shouts of murd'rers, that insult the slain,
The voice of torment, and the shrieks of pain.
I cast my eyes with horror up
To the curst mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midst I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I see him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to those
Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I see
Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree.
Man, senseless man! canst thou look on,
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own?

The rage of all thy grief exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breast, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.
Behold thy King, with purple cover'd round;
Not in the Tyrian tinctures dyed,
Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride;
But in his own rich blood that streams from every wound.
Dost thou not see the thorny circled red?
The guilty wreath that blushes round his head!
And with what rage the bloody scourge applied
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his side.
At such a sight let all thy anguish rise;
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.
Weep from thy soul, till earth be drown'd;
Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torments see,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee?

THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

› frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;
ut all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

hen I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
ut gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

WATTS.

THE NUNC DIMITIS.

'Tis enough—the hour is come:
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high!
Sun of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams intensely shed,
Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth and God of love!

MERRICK.

A HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whisp'ring gal
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storm
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rol
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divi
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude inconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty ha
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming, them
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,

With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound:
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with ev'ry beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake. a boundless song
Burst from the groves! And when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heav'n.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove:
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poets lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossoms blow; the Summer ray
Russets the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, even felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From *seeming evil*, still educing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THOMSON.

THE STRANGER'S FUNERAL.

Far from his home beyond the wave,
The stranger sicken'd, and he died;
No tears were shed around his grave,
And there no friend with sorrow sigh'd.

They plac'd him in the lowly tomb;
They laid the mould upon his breast;
But never thought an hour would come
To wring an absent parent's breast.

Though now the mournful task is done,
And o'er his bed the night-wind's sigh;
Afar, a mother hails her son,
With life's bright sparkle in his eye!

She thinks, and hope believes the tale,
(For who could say it was untrue?)
When some auspicious fav'ring gale,
Would waft him from his long adieu.

Oh! could that sun which saw his shroud
Afar, the mournful tale declare,
Then *Hope would sink* behind a cloud,
A dreary cloud of dark Despair.

They've laid him in the lonely grave.
Unnoticed there he softly sleeps;
Nor will he hear from o'er the wave,
That sorrow—while a Mother weeps.

But why, oh why, should sorrow's tear,
Ere wring a weeping Mother's breast?
For he who died a stranger here,
Is happy,—and for aye at rest.

And though no parent saw him die,
Nor friendly hand his eyelid clos'd;
One friend beheld him from the sky,
And on *his* bosom he reposed.

It matters not, what distant clime,
Receives the body's mouldering clay;
For it shall rise when Death and Time,
No more shall triumph o'er decay.

ALPHA.

THE ANT.

These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores.
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my beauty and strength are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pary that my sins be forgiv'n:
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

WATTS.

MAN.

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate! how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder he who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam etherial sullied, and absorb'd!
Tho' sullied, and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself;
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!

Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

YOUNG.

AN HYMN TO CHRIST JESUS, THE ETERNAL LIFE.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sovereign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

Say, will the stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find these blissful streams,
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

In vain I ask; for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our surety, and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
The Eternal Life, and Jesus' name;
A word of his Almighty breath,
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love. WATTS.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days, and full of woe,
  O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
  'And shalt to dust return.'

Determin'd are the days that fly
  Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
  That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
  Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
  To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
  Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
  And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud,
  Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
  Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
  The flow'rs that paint the field;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
  And boughs and blossoms yeild.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
  Away the Summer flies,

The flowers resign their sunny robes,
  And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
  And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
  The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flow'rs
  Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
  And flourish green again:

But man departs this earthly scene,
  Ah! never to return!
No second spring shall e'er revive
  The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
  What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
  Can raise the human mold?

The mighty flood that rolls along
  Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
  From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
  Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
  Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
  To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of mourning ne'er shall break
  The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our father's? whither gone
  The mighty men of old?

[redacted]

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  Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
  From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
  Descending down to night,

'The patriachs, prophets, princes, kings,
'In sacred books enroll'd?

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
'The everlasting home,
'Where ages past have gone before,
'Where future ages come.'

Thus nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urg'd her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard; then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
'And falls a clod of clay,
'The soul immortal wings its flight
'To never-setting day.

'Prepar'd of old, for wicked men,
'The bed of torment lies;
'The just shall enter into bliss
'Immortal in the skies.'

LOGAN.

THE PRISONER'S SABBATH.

Or turn thee to that house, with studded doors,
And iron-visor'd windows;—even there
The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, tho' faint;
The debtor's friends (for still he has some friends)
Have time to visit him; the blossoming pea,
That climbs the rust-worn bars, seems fresher tinged on the little turf, this day renewed,

The lark, his prison mate, quivers the wing
With more than wonted joy. See, through the bars,
That pallid face retreating from the view,
That glittering eye following, with hopeless look,
The friends of former years, now passing by
In peaceful fellowship to worship God:
With them, in days of youthful years, he roamed
O'er hill and dale, o'er broomy knowe; and wist
As little as the blythest of the band
Of this his lot; condemned, condemned unheard,
The party for his judge:—among the throng,
The Pharisaical hard-hearted man
He sees pass on, to join the heaven-taught prayer,
Forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtors:
From unforgiving lips most impious prayer!
O happier far the victim, than the hand
That deals the legal stab! The *injured* man
Enjoys internal, settled calm; to him
The Sabbath bell sounds peace; he loves to meet
His fellow sufferers, to pray and praise:
And many a prayer, as pure as e'er was breathed
In holy fanes, is sighed in prison halls.
Ah me! that clank of chains, as kneel and rise
The death-doomed row. But see, a smile illumes
The face of some; perhaps they're guiltless: Oh!
And must high-minded honesty endure
The ignominy of a felon's fate!
No, 'tis not ignominious to be wronged;
No;—conscious exultation swells their hearts,
To think the day draws nigh, when in the view
Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
The mark which rashness branded on their names
Shall be effaced;—when, wafted on life's storm,
Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies;—
As birds, from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast
Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,

But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast,—
Swept o'er the deep to ALBION's genial isle,
Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
And join in harmony unheard before.

GRAHAME.

SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

MY God, I love and I adore;
But souls that love, would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand?
Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls:
The starry arch proclaims thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower:
In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats,
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
The meanest pin in Nature's frame,
Marks out some letter of thy name.
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.

But are his footsteps all that we,
Poor grov'lling worms, must know or see?
Thou Maker of my vital frame,
Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast form'd, thy language hear.

Where is thy residence? Oh, why
Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense? Thou Great Unknown!
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
Divide, ye clouds! and let me see
The Power that gives me leave to be.

Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
Through boundless space, a present God,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near?
What shall I do to find Thee here?
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel thy presence at my heart?
To hear thy whispers soft and kind,
In holy silence of the mind?
Then rest my thoughts; nor longer roam
In quest of joy, for heaven's at home.

But, oh! thy beams of warmest love!
Sure they were made for worlds above.
How shall my soul her powers extend,
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach those heights, thy best abode,
And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?
What shall I do? I wait thy call;
Pronounce the word, my Life, my All.
O for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning-star!
Fain would I trace th' immortal way,
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confess'd,
In his own fairest glories dress'd.
Some shining spirit help me rise,
Come waft a stranger thro' the skies;
Bless'd Jesus! meet me on the road,
First offspring of th' eternal God;
Thy hand shall lead a younger son;

ne with vestures yet unknown,
ce me near my Father's throne.

WATTS.

RETIREMENT.

rom the world, O Lord, I flee,
m strife and tumult far;
scenes where Satan wages still
most successful war.

alm retreat, the silent shade,
th pray'r and praise agree;
eem by thy sweet bounty made,
those who follow thee.

, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
d grace her mean abode,
ith what peace, and joy, and love,
communes with her God!

like the nightingale she pours
r solitary lays,
ks a witness of her song,
thirsts for human praise.

r and guardian of my life,
et source of life divine,
all harmonious names in one)
Saviour, thou art mine!

thanks I owe thee, and what love,
oundless, endless store,
echo through the realms above
en time shall be no more.

COWPER.

HYMN.

Praise to Jehovah.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice,
Let every land his name adore;
Ye favour'd British isles, rejoice,
And sound his praise from shore to shore.

Nations, attend before his throne,
With solemn fear and sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

His pow'rful word, which all things made,
Gave life to clay and form'd us men:
And, when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the Heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

THE COVENANTERS.

O blissful day!
When all men worship God as conscience wills,
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,

virtuous race, to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture, and in death,—
These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
To death:—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
With them each day was holy; but that morn
On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*
Was laid, joyous arose; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, thro' woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Depart to different seas. Fast by such brooks,
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, SCOTIA, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws:
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud

Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear*
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice: He by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake: Over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms.

GRAHAME.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,

* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.

With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motions [sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

MILTON.

AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

Is it not strange that every creature
Should know the measure of its thirst
(They drink but to support their nature,
And give due moisture to their dust;)

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
And kills his soul to please his taste?

O, what a hateful, shameful sight,
Are drunkards reeling through the street;
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their shame on all they meet.

Of man who [illegible]
Will God, the Maker of their frame,
Endure to see them spoil it so?

Can they e'er think of Heaven and gl
Or hope for glory when they die?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place
Among the shining souls on high?

The meanest seat is too refined
To entertain a drunkard there,
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,
Repent, or perish in despair.

ON THE ETERNITY OF THE SUPREM

HAIL, wound'rous Being, who in powe
Exists from everlasting! whose great n
Deep in the human heart, and ev'ry ab
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main co
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoug
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of win

Where Seraph and where Cherubim on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?
  He may—if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st to assist,
Great Poet of the Universe! his song.
  Before this earthly Planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day;
Before "the Morning-Stars together sang,"
And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds,
Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence Thou art.
  But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when these worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever;
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action!
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stampt with thine uncounterfeited seal.
  But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The Muse unbalm'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of Beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense!
Th' Eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' Omniscient Mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,

This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Universe,
Creation and Redemption—and awhile
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory,
Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can.
And all we may), be glorified, be prais'd.
A day shall come when all this earth shall perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come,
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks that mock the ravings of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; with a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the [cedars,
Are lessen'd into shrubs magnific piles,
That prop the painted chamber of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where?
Where, Teneriff, 's thy stateliness to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these? No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.
Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt

Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion! O my country! Thou must join,
In vain dissevered from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But tho' the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon,
With all her bright retinue must be lost:
Yet thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert. Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see! He comes! th' Archangel from above.
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and arise:
"From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
"To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
"Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and arise."
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and like the ark,

Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds and waves, and rocks and tempests, past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven:
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall give
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and good!
Purge Thou my heart, with hyssop, lest, like Cain,
I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for; tho' the swift,
The fiery wing'd Imagination soar'd
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith
View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heav'n-directed hands, confess his reign,
And let the angelic, archangelic band,
With all the host of Heav'n, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trump
And golden lyres attend:—" For thou art holy,
" For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
" Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise!"

SMART.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

Behold yon new-born infant grief'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants relief'd,
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom ris
And speak its nature—man.
That infant, whose advancing l
Life's various sorrows try;
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive
That infant, Lord, am I.
A childhood yet my thoughts con
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distrea
And where, or what, its cure.
Author of good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern;
Thy hand alone supply.
O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear all fears beside.
And, oh! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;
Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, gra
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

N THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. KENNE
BAYNE, GREENOCK.

r sorrow's holiest tears could bring
Thy spirit from its native skies,—

Long shall thy memory
Till they that lov'd thee to
And mingling in anothe
Where death's cold hand c
The ties that bound us sho

Oh! happy was that chang
When death appear'd wi
And life—and immortality.
Display'd thy bright unfa
For thou wert faithful to th
Which rais'd thee as a guid

Well may they weep, who r
The church shall long thy
For oh that heart is cold,—t
On earth, shall praise our
For thou hast join'd the host
That triumph through redee

No more by care and sorrow
Thy voice reproves each du
And oh no more shall they w
Hear thy kind voice in sor
And who shall them conduct

Then, may our souls devoutly think,
  How short a step divides the tomb;
We're standing on an awful brink,
  And moments soon will seal our doom!
Yes! all who mourn his sudden call,
Must soon obey—it speaks to all!

ALPHA.

FOLLY OF HUMAN PURSUITS.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world 's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, tho' in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought even gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtile death-bed plann'd his scheme

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
  Shall join my soul to thee.

ANON.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

THY Justice, heav'nly king! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing advent'rous—But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
First-born of Heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
Cloth'd in celestial radiance? Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams
That through her valleys wave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice to tell what harmony
(Sweet as music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the way of Heav'n.

Sceptic! who'ere thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim-bards,
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarian lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes,
Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend!

Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, nor heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills,
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah, no! the day
Will come when Virtue from the cloud shall burst,
That long obscur'd her beams, when Sin shall fly
Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in heav'n on man's revolt
Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall th' assembled Nations of the Earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgement-seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or where the sun

Pours an Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each others sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his side
Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of all shall see,
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mould'ring bones beneath the thorn bound turf
Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise,
But not to equal glory; for, alas!
With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
Behold the mighty murd'rers of mankind:
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
The madness of ambition! how lament
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd
And childless mother at the judgement seat
Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them!—Here are they
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's suff'rings.—Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And ate the orphan's bread; who spent their stores

Whose listless soul, sick wit
Unsummon'd, to the presen
Rush'd in with insult rude.
Once more to visit earth, an
With all that pain and famir
Pant up the hill of life? Va
Pronounces doom eternal on t
Perpetual punishment. Seek
What punishment! for that t
Has hid from mortal eyes: an
With curious search refin'd p
Into thy secrets, Father? N
With humble patience all thy
And walk in all thy paths; so
Be great in Heav'n, so haply
Th' immortal worm and never

But who are they, who hour
Stand horribly aghast? This
Who strove to pull Jehovah fro
And in the place of heaven's et
Set up the phantom Chance.
Alternate season's cheer'd the r
In vain the

Exhorts them still to foul revolt Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking souls.
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.
  These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain,
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heav'n-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judged benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed heaven-descended Charity.
O charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom antient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,

The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
And this great day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heav'n
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
And dark abyss, where Sin and Satan reign!
But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
Thwarting th' ecliptic, where th' unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dead volcanos, where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from the dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heav'ns avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids, which high in air

Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian's pride a lasting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers? where Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion? where Imperial Rome,
Propt, by seven hills, sat like a sceptred queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Show me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
But what is mimic art? E'en Nature's work,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
O'erhang th' Atlantic surge; nor that fam'd cliff,
Thro' which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw on the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms!—Where's Arrarat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: heaven itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost:
No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,

Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to re
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on
Is lost) shall rend from heaven the mystic

Such is that awful, that tremendous day
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a th
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom—Perhaps as h
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb th
That lisps the fault'ring strain.—O may I
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!——
———" Pow'r Supreme!
" O o'erlasting King! to thee I kneel,
" To thee I lift my voice. With fervent
" Melt, all ye elements! And thou high h
" Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think,
" Think on the best, the noblest of thy wo
" Think on their own bright image! Think
" Who died to save us from thy righteous
" And 'midst the wreck of worlds remembe

HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May
I wander'd o'er the hill;
Tho' nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the gr
These meaner creatures bless,

And yet deny to man's estate
  The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
  Ye blessed birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
  Can bliss for man be found!

The birds wild caroll'd over head,
  The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said—
  No bless for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray
  So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
  His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd Friendship: Friendship sigh'd,
  And thus her answer gave—
The few whom fortune never turn'd
  Were wither'd in the grave!

I ask'd if Vice could bless bestow?
  Vice boasted loud and well,
But fading from her wither'd brow,
  The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
  Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint, and still,
  For others' woes distress'd!

I question'd Virtue: Virtue sigh'd,
  No boon could she dispense—
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
  But humble penitence,

I question'd Death—the grisly shade
  Relax'd his brow severe—

And "I AM HAPPINESS," he said,
"If virtue guides thee here."

DR. HEBER, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

ANON.

PROOFS OF IMMORTALITY.

MUCH has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distrest,

All unresolvable, if earth is all.

"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
Our wish eternity; our home, the grave?
Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope,
Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
(For nature never gravitates to nought;)
That thirst unquencht declares it is not here,
Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
As, hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
—Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense!
Why past and future, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our present joys to death?
Why labours reason? instinct were as well;
Instinct far better; what can choose, can err;
O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
Reason with inclination why at war?
Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?"

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All promise, some insure, a second scene;
Which, was it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain; was it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope;
The future of the present is the soul:
How this life groans, when sever'd from the next!
Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!

By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both part perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

YOUNG.

THE SPRING FLOWER.

A LOVELY flower, at morning hour,
  Bloom'd sweetly on its parent stem;
But e'er the day had died away,
  I saw no more the beauteous gem:
Yet it had promis'd fair to view,
For midst the storms its branches grew;
It was the earliest flower of spring,
The first of all its blossoming.
But now untimely nipt it lies,
  Its every promise lost for ever;
And all the dewdrops from the skies
  May fall—but can revive it never.

Thus have I seen a flower as fair;
  A doating parent's only joy,
Bud forth, when storms were beating there,
  And wither in a milder sky.
It withered,—but unlike the flower,
  Which hears no more the voice of spring,
And never decks again the bower,
  Which saw its early blossoming.
For when on earth, it fades and dies,
It blooms afresh in paradise:
A bud transplanted from our soil,
  To live, beside those living streams,
Which ever, and forever smile
  Beneath those uncreated beams—
Whose blessed light, and ceaseless ray,
Makes Heaven's eternal summers day.

ALPHA.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS, PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind.
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control.
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow,
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Potect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
Thy Saviour son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

DRYDEN.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS ANNOUNCED.

Deep was the midnight silence in the fields
Of Bethlehem; hush'd the folds; save that, at times
Was heard the lamb's faint bleat: the shepherds, stretched
On the green sward, surveyed the starry vault:
The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shews forth thy handy work;
Thus they, their hearts attuned to the Most High;—
When, suddenly, a splendid cloud appeared,
As if a portion of the milky way
Descended slowly in a spiral course.
Near, and more near it draws; then, hovering, floats,
High as the soar of eagle, shedding bright,
Upon the folded flocks, a heavenly radiance,
From whence was uttered loud, yet sweet, a voice,—
Fear not, I bring good tidings of great joy;
For unto you is born this day a Saviour!
And this shall be a sign to you,—the babe,
Laid lowly in a manger, ye shall find.
The angel spake; when, lo! upon the cloud,
A multitude of Seraphim, enthroned,
Sang praises, saying,—*Glory to the Lord*
On high; on earth be peace, good will to men.
With sweet response harmoniously they choired,
And while, with heavenly harmony, the song
Arose to God, more bright the buoyant throne

Illumed the land: The prowling lion stops,
Awe-struck, with mane upreared, and flattened head;
And, without turning, backward on his steps
Recoils, aghast, into the desart gloom.
A trembling joy the astonished shepherds prove,
As heavenward re-ascends the vocal blaze
Triumphantly; while, by degrees, the strain
Dies on the ear, that self-deluded listens,—
As if a sound so sweet could never die.

GRAHAME.

HYMN.

The invisible God.

WITH deepest rev'rence, at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown,
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain.

Who, by the closest search, can find
Thy mighty uncreated mind?
Nor men nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of pow'r!

We know thee not; but this we know,
Thou reign'st above, thou reign'st below;
And, though thine essence is unknown,
To all the world thy pow'r is shown.

That pow'r we trace on ev'ry side;
O may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

REV. EDM. BUTCHER.

HYMN.

Liberal Judgement.

ALL-seeing God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;

To judge, by principles within,
When frailty errs and when we sin.

Who, among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek, and use our own.

If wrong, forgive; approve, if right;
While, faithful, we obey our light,
And, cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould?
And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love!

JOHN SCOTT.

HYMN.

Benevolence.

HAIL, source of pleasures ever new!
While thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too high for little minds to know,
Who on themselves, alone, bestow
Their wishes and their care.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,

To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O God! with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou mine heart incline;
Each low, each selfish, wish controul,
Warm with benevolence my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

BLACKLOCK.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Like summer eve, when sunlight throws
A beauteous parting ray around;
And silent shades in peace repose
Upon the soft and dewy ground.

As still, as peaceful, and serene,
Is the last ray when life is done;
When Hope's bright beam, smiles o'er the scene
Which saw a glorious race begun.

What though around his couch may fall,
The dewdrops from kind pity's eye;
The happy spirit smiles on all,
And shines upon another sky.

Oh! such is life, whose parting ray,
Throws lustre on a world of sorrow;
For as its brightness dies away,
There's promise of a glorious morrow.

ALPHA.

PSALM.

On Providence.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;

His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Ev'n from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
  And of my youth the friend:
And as my days began with thee,
  With thee my days shall end.

I know the Pow'r in whom I trust,
  The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
  Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
  Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
  Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
  When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
  Didst guide my wand'ring feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age,
  And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
  To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
  In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
  When time shall be no more.

LOGAN.

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

Ever lovely and benign,
Endow'd with energy divine,
Hail, Virtue! hail! From thee proceed
The great design, the heroic deed,

The heart that melts for human woes,
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
Her shafts and wake corroding care,
Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,
Though lightnings glare and storms arise,
In vain to shake the guiltless soul
Chang'd fortune frowns, and thunders roll.

Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board;
Ambition, crown thy head with bays;
Let Sloth recline on beds of ease;
Admir'd, ador'd, let Beauty roll
The magic eye that melts the soul;
Unless, with purifying fires,
Virtue the conscious soul inspires;
In vain, to bar intruding woe,
Wealth, Fame, and Power, and Pleasure, flow.

To me thy sovereign gift impart,
The resolute unshaken heart,
To guide me from the flow'ry way
Where Pleasure tunes her syren-lay:
Deceitful path! where shame and care
The pois'nous shaft, conceal'd, prepare!
And shield me with thy generous pride,
When fashion scoffs and fools deride.

Ne'er let ambition's meteor-ray
Mislead my reason, and betray
My fancy with the gilded dream
Of hoarded wealth and noisy fame.
But let my soul, consenting, flow,
Compassionate of others woe.
Teach me the kind endearing art
To heal the mourner's broken heart,

To ease the rankling wounds of care,
And sooth the frenzy of despair.

So, lovely virgin, may I gain
Admission to thy hallow'd fane;
Where peace of mind, of eye serene,
Of heavenly hue, and placid mein,
Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,
And smites the consecrated lyre.
And may that ministrelsy, whose charm
Can rage, and grief, and care, disarm,
Can passion's lawless force controul,
Sooth, melt, and elevate, my soul!

ANON.

RELIGION.

WHAT sweet serenity from virtue flows!
How the rapt soul with pure contentment glows,
That owns, RELIGION! thy delightful power,
Or in affliction's, or enjoyment's hour.
As broods the halcyon o'er the troubled wave,
So art thou prompt, and powerful to save;
Fling o'er the surface of the raging deep
A soothing calm, and bid man cease to weep;
From sorrow's eye wipe off the falling tear,
And make each trial by its triumph dear.
Thou art all-pleasing; thy endearing sway
Disrobes the night of gloom, and cheers the day;
From Death's dark terrors thou canst man release,
And gild his mortal hour with joy and peace.
Let those who doubt mark how the Christian dies;
Hope beams enshrined in his uplifted eyes,
Faith bears him up, and Charity's sweet grace,
Sheds resignation o'er his woe-worn face,
While his last words the heavenly truth confess,
RELIGION gives unchanging happiness.

"Thanks, heavenly Sire! thy unremitted power
Supports my soul in this appalling hour;
Thy sacred influence animates my heart,
My hope in Thee enables me to part
Resigned, from all the dearest joys on earth,
For Thou shalt bring me to a second birth.
Mark how the Christian dies whom Heaven sustains.
Whilst writhes his aged trunk with mortal pains;
And yet he glories not, save in the love
Which vanquished Sin, and gentle as a dove
Glides through the breast, and piloting the way.
Winds on the progress of the perfect day.
Draw near, my friends, receive my latest breath.
Already quivering from the touch of death.
O! be the love of Heaven your ceaseless care,
And let the Book of Life Eternal share
Your holy reverence, mix'd with sober fear;
Its soothing words the dullest heart can cheer;
In trying scenes they steadfast comfort yield;
Pleasure in health, in pain a sheltering shield:
Aided by them, the soul's unshaken rock,
The Christian braves temptation's ruthless shock,
And views unmoved the direst ills impend;
Virtue his guide, and Christ his hope, his friend.
The tears of agony his Saviour shed,
When hell's leagued horrors burst around his head,
Prevent the penitent's.
My strength decays,—
Why droop ye thus? Death can no terror raise
Save to the wicked. Infidels may find
Appalling terrors shake their guilty mind;
And who in life their God blaspheme, compel
And court the goading stings and fires of hell.
O shun their ways; too late repentance wakes,
When Death's chill hand the mortal hour-glass
shakes.

Be early wise, and what you fail to know
Permit to Him, from whom all blessings flow;
Blessings how great, oh, how divinely great!
Which I will praise whilst life's slow pulses beat.
My term of days is o'er. See from the skies
The blessed Angels beckon me to rise!
I come, I come: my soul with transport swells,
And of unutterable pleasures tells.
I come: the body's grosser cares recede;
Bear, bear me, Seraphs, with angelic speed,
To Abraham's bosom. Oh! 'tis sweet to die,
For Death is swallowed up in Victory!"

ANON.

THE SETTING SUN.

That setting sun—that setting sun!
What scenes, since first its race begun,
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are, as they had never been.

That setting sun! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet, according thought sublime,
In every age, and every clime!

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
The ocean's fabled caves below,
And when th' obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray,
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!

ANON.

REFLECTIONS ON MAN AND IMMORTALITY.

Thy nature, immortality, who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever; black and brittle here!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! our highest joys,
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of Reason, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
Of universal Nature! to lay hold
By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
Our own! to rise in science as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
No mystery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!
Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.
These are the thoughts that aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)—
How great, in the wide whirl of time's pursuit's

To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage;
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobl'd, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities!
To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys,
As far beyond conception, as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!
When mount we? when these shackles cast? when [quit
This cell of the creation? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun-air?
Fine-spun to sense, but gross and feculent
To souls celestial; souls ordained to breathe
Ambrosial gales; and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.
In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
What webs of wonder shall unravel there!
What dull day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinth's of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full our banquet here!
Here, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material lately seen in shades,
And in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the labouring eye,
Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,

Let me but live, 'midst such a scene,
In winter's storms, or summer's green;
I would not seek th' abodes of men
Or live amidst their cares again;
Enough to me the mountains wild,
In lone and rugged grandeur pil'd;
The boiling stream which seeks below,
A placid, and a calmer flow:
Or let me sit at close of day,
And watch the sun-light die away;
Or see from yon aerial height,
The slow and solemn march of night;
And hear some minstrel's latest strain,
As darkness wraps the dewy plain.

'Midst scenes like this, the mind will rise,
From earth, to those sublimer skies;
And hold sweet converse with its God,
In his celestial bright abode.
Hail! God of nature and of grace,
In solitude thy steps we trace;
Thy voice is heard in every gale,
Thy footsteps linger in the vale;
The warbling minstrels hymn thy praise
While hill and grove, thy power displays.
In storms, thy awful might we see,
When riding forth in Majesty;
While lightnings on thy steps attend,
And thundering clouds beneath thee bend.
Even 'midst the silence of the grove,
We hear the whispers of thy love;
The hill and vale their God proclaim,
The mountain echo's back thy name;
And as the solemn whisper dies,
The breezes bear it to the skies.

How sweet amidst those wilds to stray,
At morning hour, or close of day;
For there the wounded, bleeding breast,
Flies for a home, and place of rest;
In solitude the tear is shed,
In silent memory of the dead;
In solitude how oft we find,
The broken heart and greived mind;
And 'midst its silence love to dwell
Those who have bid the world farewell.

ALPHA.

ON THE GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles * call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could'st wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew;
Thou, who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself; each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her god on earth as he is prais'd in heaven.
Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal being, and whose eye

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good,
Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song, [light,
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky East and blightsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew,
Without the aid of yonder golden globe.
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee,
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank
View thro' th' immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, winged their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;

And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man:—
But not to all—for, hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
The thrilling trebles and the manly bass
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
The sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell: to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,
Arrest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him who made the mite! Tho', Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good

In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with rev'rence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Re-murmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends, [ers,
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flow
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise, come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
And Christian excellence, his Goodness own.
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
Clad in the armour of the living God,
Approach, unsheath the spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of Charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:
" O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,

'Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
'Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
Thou, who resign'd humility uphold'st,
Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
But quell'st tyrannic pride with peerless power.
Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
'O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
'Thou God of Godness, and of Glory hear!
'Bless all mankind; and bring them in the end
'To heav'n, to immortality, and Thee!"

SMART.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Deo. Opt. Max.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet give me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heav'n pursue.

Yet not to earth
Thy goodness
Or think Thee I
When thousan

Let not this weal
Presume thy b
And deal damnati
On each I judg

If I am right, thy
Still in the righ
If I am wrong, O
To find that bett

Save me alike from
Or impious disco
At aught thy wisdo
Or aught thy goo

Teach me to feel an
To hide the fault
That mercy I to othe
That mercy show

Mean th

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

POPE.

HYMN.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling wilds are still!
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from ev'ry hill,

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heav'ns a brighter sun
Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come
Appointed time disclose;
And fairer in Emanuel's Land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud Hosannah sing!
With Hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

LOGAN.

MAN'S IMMORTALITY PROVED BY NATURE.

NATURE, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great Immutable to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all.
All change, no death. Day follows night; and nig
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay.
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with brea
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal, that a circle, this is a line.
That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame ascends;
Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die?—
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, whom alone is power to prize

The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?

YOUNG.

HYMN.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;

No censer round our altar beams,
  And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But THOU hast said, the blood of goat,
  The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
  Are mine accepted sacrifice.

AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

STANZAS.

MORN's earliest blush with frowning dyes
  Proclaims Night's empire done,
And soon the full-orb'd power will rise
  Of Day's creative sun.

At such an hour, 'tis sweet to mark
  Nature's unruffled state,
And hear the matin-hailing lark
  Carol at Heaven's own gate:—

And view the pearls unmin'd by Night,
  As sparkling on each spray,
They catch the morn's reflected light,
  And glistening melt away;—

And list to voices which prevail
  When noisy man's is still,
As floating on the dewy gale,
  They breathe from stream or hill:—

In such an hour the soul expands,
  And fearless dares explore
The vision of those viewless lands
  Beyond Time's bounded shore.

The mind forgets its cares awhile,
  The heart its pangs foregone,

And, warm'd by Nature's peaceful smile,
  Is lull'd to sweet repose.

Our thoughts the lapse of time retrace,
  When Eden's bloom was young,
And Man, inspiring heavenly grace,
  Heaven's songs of virtue sung.

Then all was like this prime of day,
  All peaceful, all serene;
And Innocence with artless sway
  Gladden'd each happy scene.

All voices join'd in sweet accord,
  In hymn's of grateful praise,
To hail Creation's mighty Lord,
  In pure, and hallow'd lays,

The sun ascends—morn's freshness fades,
  The spell of peace recedes;
Labour resumes his busy trade,
  And Man his bustling deeds.

So, when the Sun of Knowledge rose,
  Eden's rich treasures past,—
The soul no more with pureness glows,
  Chill'd by Sin's withering blast.

The garden is a wilderness,
  The wilderness a grave,
Man's mind a chaos of distress,
  But Heaven was rich to save.

For lo! with healing wings the sun
  Breaks forth with richest dyes,
The moral night's dark reign is done—
  Hear, earth! list, O ye skies!—

He, who from chaos call'd the world,
  And bade creation be,

From depth of moral gloom unfurl'd
  The mind, and made it free.

This renovation of the soul,
  This morn of happier time,
Makes former wounds of sorrow whole,
  Atoning man's first crime,

And still his rays are shining bright,
  To all who seek their power,
Infusing warmth and guidance-light
  In life, or death's dark hour.

Oh! hail him then, with shouts of praise,
  With loud hosannas sing,
High, high your swelling anthems raise
  To Heaven's and Nature's King.

For, thro' the dim of future years,
  So Faith illumes the eye,
Him, who the drooping spirit cheers,
  I see forsake the sky.

And, clad in glory all his own,
  Begirt with Mercy's sword,
Whilst Seraphs wait around his throne,
  He speaks the vital word.

And the last morning flashes forth,
  The graves give back their dead,
From west to east, from south to north,
  Hell's power is captive led.

That morn shall set again no more,
  But rise to perfect day,
And grief and sin on Eden's shore,
  And tears, shall pass away.

No clouds the lovely scene shall gloom,
  No terrors man affright,

Celestial blessings ever bloom,
  A day without a night!

ANON.

CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED.

CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
  Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
  To God's high calling true:

Why move ye thus, with ling'ring tread,
  A doubtful, mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
  Why fails the feeble hand?

Oh! weak to know a Saviour's pow'r,
  To feel a Father's care;
A moment's toil, a passing show'r,
  Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of Light, though, veil'd awhile,
  He hides his noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,
  To gild the closing day;

And, bursting through the dusky shroud,
  That dar'd his pow'r invest,
Ride thron'd in light o'er ev'ry cloud,
  And guide you to his rest.

BOWDLER.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A SHADOW moving by one's side,
  That would a substance seem,

That is, yet is not,—though descried—
  Like skies beneath the stream:
A tree that's ever in the bloom,
  Whose fruit is never ripe;
A wish for joys that never come,—
  Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night,
  A blank that will remain;
A waiting for the morning light,
  When waiting is in vain;
A gulph where pathway never led
  To show the depth beneath;
A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
  That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky
  That everywhere extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
  In space that never ends:
A morning, whose uprisen sun
  No setting e'er shall see;
A day that comes without a noon,—
  Such is Eternity.

ANON

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Six days the heavenly host, in circle vast,
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along,
In rapid course, through yet untravelled space,
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve!

The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
In freshest beauty from Jehovah's hand,
Creation bloomed; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe: The voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work:
Mildly the sun, upon the loftiest trees,
Shed mellowly a slaping beam. Peace reigned,
And love, and gratitude: The human pair
Their orisons poured forth: love, concord, reigned:
The falcon, perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay;
Among the antlered herd the tiger couched,
Harmless; the lion's name no terror spread
Among the careless ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave,—of that dread tumult
Which raged, when Ocean, at the mute command,
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore;
While, on the swell, the sea-bird, with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored;
Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular, till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose; then wide the flying circle oped,
And soared, in semblance of a mighty rainbow:
Silent ascend the choirs of Seraphim;
No harp resounds, mute is each voice; the burst
Of joy, and praise, reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that Earth must have received
The grand vibration, and to the centre shook:
But soon as to the starry altitudes

They reached, then what a storm of sound, tremendous,
Swelled through the realms of space! The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy! Loud was the peal; so loud,
As would have quite o'erwhelmed the human sense;
But to the earth it came a gentle strain,
Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
Day of the Lord! creation's hallowed close!
Day of the Lord! (prophetical they sang)
Benignant mitigation of that doom,
Which must, ere long, consign the fallen mass,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe!

GRAHAME.

HYMN.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r,
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

LOVE OF GOD.

Oh! never, never canst thou know
What then for thee the Saviour bore,
The pangs of that mysterious woe
That wrung his frame at ev'ry pore,
The weight that press'd upon his brow,
The fever of his bosom's core!
Yes! man for man perchance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave;
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmov'd expire,
From love—or piety—or pride.
But who can die as Jesus died?

A sweet, but solitary beam,
An emanation from above,
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream,—
We hail that beam, and call it Love!
But fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
And lighter than the viewless sand
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
Is all of love that man can know,—
All that in angel-breasts can glow,—

Compar'd, O! Lord of Host! with thine,
Eternal—fathomless—divine!
That love, whose praise, with quenchless fire,
Inflames the blest seraphic choir:
Where perfect rapture reigns above,
And love is all—for THOU art LOVE!

DALE.

THE SEA.

IF for a time the air be calm,
  Serene and smooth the sea appears,
And shows no danger to alarm
  The unexperienc'd landsman's fears:

But if the tempest once arise,
  The faithless water swells and raves;
Its billows, foaming to the skies,
  Disclose a thousand threat'ning graves.

My untry'd heart thus seem'd to me
  (So little of myself I knew)
Smooth as the calm unruffled sea,
  But, ah! it prov'd as treach'rous too!

The peace of which I had a taste
  When Jesus first his love reveal'd,
I fondly hop'd would always last,
  Because my foes were then conceal'd.

But when I felt the tempter's pow'r
  Rouse my corruptions from their sleep,
I trembled at the stormy hour,
  And saw the horrors of the deep.

Now on presumption's billows borne,
  My spirit seem'd the Lord to dare;
Now, quick as thought, a sudden turn
  Plung'd me in gulfs of black despair.

Lord, save me, or I sink, I pray'd;
  He heard, and bid the tempest cease;
The angry waves his word obey'd,
  And all my fears were hush'd to peace.

The peace is his, and not my own,
  My heart (no better than before)
Is still to dreadful changes prone,
  Then let me never trust it more.

NEWTON.

THE SHEPHERDS' SABBATH.

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps; the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling band
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort.

GRAHAME.

THE PENITENT WOMAN.

The Virgin's offspring, from the Godhead spring,
The Prince of Peace, of whom Isaiah sung,

But to reclaim the sinne
And urge redemption wl
To bless his creatures wi
The deaf with hearing, a
To free the tongue from e
That so the dumb might s
To heal the lame, rear up
Instruct the simple, and a
Such were the objects of H
And works of wonder for

This great Physician of
Whose love and mercy knew
Sought not alone for those o
As objects suited to his char
His blest redemption was de
E'en for as many as the Lor
Here then behold the source
So good, so gracious, so supre
For lo! more splendid than th
He comes,—the glorious Day-
Oh! hail with transport its be
Catch its reflection from that li
Where may the sinner quench
His blackest sins

Too soon, her heart, misguided, fell a prey
To Satan's wiles, and Hell's tyrannic sway.
Yet He, who scans with knowledge unconfined
The latent virtues of the human mind,
And views the faintest and the fairest form
Amid the shadows of the darkest storm,
Could well perceive, and, seeing, well admire
The lively faith his blessings would inspire;
Could well expect, and hoping, well foresee
The love that yet might spring from misery;
For though polluted by seductive crimes,
Her mind though tainted by corruptive times,
She could discern, howe'er unused to scan,
God's holy finger from the hand of man.
Forlorn, the pilgrim halted on her way;
Wearied with sin she made her God her stay.
And now behold the Messenger of love
Breathing the spirit of his Sire above,
Placed at the table of an earthly host
Whose outward splendours were his proudest boast;
And mark proud Simon's high indignant air,
His sordid spirit and repulsive stare,
When at the feet of his complacent guest
The poor and sinful woman stood confest!
A box of ointment in her hand was borne—
With face averted, and her tresses torn,
Her eyes bedimm'd with many a gathering tear,
And bosom heaving with awaken'd fear,
She came to Christ, and, reckless of the crowd,
Fell on her knees, and, mourning, wept aloud.
Uncheck'd the sigh, and not the tear suppress,
She clasp'd her hands, and smote her aching breast,
With suppliant looks that spoke an earnest pray'r,
She wash'd his feet, and wiped them with her hair.
As when the traveller, thro' the rainbow's hues
Some chance of guidance from the tempest views,

And hopes the sun its hidden light may send
To cheer him onward to his journey's end,—
So gazed the sinner thro' the varied dye,-
The tear-drops, hanging, cast on either eye,
Trusting the mercy of her God would show
Some happier prospect to her hopes below.
'Twas then that Simon, to the Godhead blind,
These vain surmises ponder'd in his mind:
" Is this Messiah? this the promised 'Root,'
" The stock from which 'Branch' is now to shoot?
" Can this be He, of whom the prophets tell,
" Whose word alone should shake the powers of hell?
" It cannot be,—for our Messiah knows
" His faithful subjects, from rebellious foes;
" And long ere this had known the tainted part
" Of that vile sinner's vitiated heart;
" Much less had suffer'd her polluted grasp,
" Presuming thus, his sacred feet to clasp."
These silent dictates of his erring mind
Were not, though secret, to himself confined;
For He, whose knowledge hold's supreme control,
E'en o'er the breathings of the inmost soul,
Observed the taunts his knitted brow expressed,
And dark supicion lurking in his breast;
With piercing aspect gazed upon the man,
And thus, in dignified rebuke, began,—
" Simon, behold!"—and then he turn'd his eye,
Survey'd the sinner, and exchanged the sigh,—
" Simon behold!—Behold this woman here!
" Mark her mute anguish, and that silent tear;
" When first I enter'd this thy splendid hall,
" Thou didst not prostrate at my presence fall,
" Nor e'en didst offer the refreshing wave,
" My parched feet, or e'en my hands to lave;
" But this sad mourner, tho' oppress with fears,
" Here, on her knees, bedews them with her tears;

" Nor had she mourn'd nor sought me sorrowing here,
" Had not repentance drawn the sorrowing tear.
" I came to open wide Salvation's door
" To those who promise to transgress no more;
" And tho' by waves and worldly tempests tost,
" I seek the sinner, and redeem the lost!"
  Oh ye, whose hearts can feel another's woes,
And trace the fountain whence compassion flows,
Who, while ye gaze on anguish and despair,
Can bless the wretched, and enforce his pray'r,
Oh! hail repentance and amending grace,
Forget the trespass, and the crime efface.
Here view the sinner, bending to the rod;
And there behold your Saviour and your God!
That Lord of life, that Victor of the grave,
Whose aim with mortals is the will to save;
Whose mercy pleads when justice must reprove,
And calls the wand'rer by the voice of love—
" Woman, rejoice! for in the Courts of Heaven,
" Thy sins, though many, freely are forgiven;
" Thy faith hath saved thee, and shall now restore
" Thy mental peace.—Depart, and sin no more!"
  Mark her retiring—mark the bitter sigh,
The heart's repentance cheer'd by victory!
Religion now, with soft persuasive voice,
Becalms her grief, and bids that heart rejoice;
If, then, we see Messiah loves to spare
The contrite sinner, and accept her prayer;
If He primeval nature can restore,
And grief exchange for joys unknown before;
Shall man presume to draw the veil aside,
Remove the screen, and now those sins deride?
Shall man, presumptuous man! that guilt reveal,
Which Heaven is pleased in mercy to conceal?
No:—let us learn forgiveness to display,
And what we ask of God, to Man repay

That blessed Son, of who
Whose lighter burden, an
Upheld the wonders of hi
And with the Gospel flash
What, tho' the pride of
That He should come such
What, tho' the people who
Vain hopes imagine, and s
What, tho' no gorgeous rob
Shall we, like them, our ste
Like them, suppose no sov'r
Without eternal proofs of m
Give place, ye sceptres, and
The praise of courtiers, and
Hence, ye vain symbols of a
From temp'ral weakness turn
Behold the tokens of the Savi
Then raise your hands, and b
Here, in the multitude aroun
The sick restored to all their
The maim'd are whole; the to
Freed from the torments of im
Lepers are cleansed; and oh! o
The proof of future life

And learn from Christ's persuasive words to share
Pleasures, the fruits of watchfulness and prayer;
But lest, frail mortals, his august career
Seem too refined for imitation here;
Lest his consummate virtue seem too high,
And man's united efforts to defy;
Take from the suppliant, trembling in his sight,
A simple pattern, to direct you right;
Behold how He, who while he shows the way
Thro' boundless mercy to the realms of day,
Proves to mankind the blessings He has giv'n,
And makes this sinner guide our steps to heav'n.
  Oh! blest be He, who rides in glory high
Upon the cloudy chariot of the sky;
Thro' tracts unknown, and pathways unconfined,
Stalks on the storm, and walks upon the wind:
And yet not heedless of the speck below,
Extends the hand whence plenteous blessings flow.
By his consent the great Redeemer came,
And here on earth proclaim'd his mighty fame;
By his decree the son of Joseph rose,
A prince superior to his kingly foes;
By his acceptance, Christ upon the tree
Held Sin in chains, and set its captives free;
And thus to man, to sinful man, was giv'n
Peace here on earth, and bliss supreme in Heav'n!
  Sin, see how high those glorious orbs appear,
Exalted far above this bounded sphere!—
To such an height God's mercy will extend
To every mortal fearful to offend.
Behold the rising of yon orb of light,
And view its setting at th' approach of night;
So wide the space Messiah has unfurl'd
'Twixt Sin and Death, destruction and the world.
Opposing good to every evil plan,
He smiles benignant on the race of man.

Who shall describe the pleasure of his mind,
When she, whom Satan had in bonds confined,
Led by contrition, sought his proffer'd grace,
And read forgiveness in her Saviour's face?—
With what benevolence he hail'd her tears,
Assuaged her sufferings, and allay'd her fears;
And told her frailties, only to display
Her firm repentance, and its gentle sway;
So much he lov'd in adverse lights to paint
The Sinner, thus contrasted with the Saint.
Woman, for ever blest! by God approved!
By Saints regarded, and by Angels loved,—
'Twas then, fair mortal! that thy op'ning mind,
Good, though debased; corrupted, but not blind;
Prompted by feelings of thy earliest youth,
Hearing, embraced the sacred words of truth;
Owning the wonders of Almighty pow'r,
Thou stoodst a penitent that self same hour!
Woman, for ever blest! to thee were giv'n,
E'en while on Earth, the lesser joys of Heav'n;
The streams that flow'd upon thy Saviour's feet;
The balmy incense and the ointment sweet;
The hands then clasp'd to urge the fervent pray'r;
The head that hung to wipe them with its hair,
Were all expressive of thy wond'rous love,
And purchased ransom of thy soul above.
Woman, for ever blest, beyond compare,
For ardent love and soft engaging care;
Where'er the Sun of man's redemption shines,
Where'er the wicked for his frailty pines;
Where'er salvation and the cross unite,
To show the glories of the Gospel's light:
There shall the tale of this great deed be told,
And with thy sin thy virtues shall unfold.
Long as mankind, by inspiration led,
Shall know that Christ will surely raise the dead;

as repentance shall a joy impart,
›ring forgiveness to the contrite heart;
ıg, oh woman! shall the world declare,
aith and love, thy penitence and prayer.
ıey who mourn shall moderate their grief,
ınk of Heaven its solace and relief;
ra, abash'd, shall leave their former ways,
ıeek their Saviour with a song of praise,
ı e'en the righteous shall attempt to vie
ınd proofs of pure fidelity;
ooking only to reward above,
learn to imitate thy ardent love.
› then, ye mortals, Christ is ever near,
ıld you courage in the hour of fear.
ye on wings of mighty cherubs fly,
'each the joyful mansions of the sky,
, on his throne, th' Almighty would ye see,
'd in all his glorious majesty!—
l ye submerge to realms of endless night,
would the Lord appal your darken'd sight.
on pinions of the morn ye fled
these terrific dwellings of the dead,
ought the limits of the farthest sea,
too, the glory of the Lord would be;
would his mercy and his love appear,
pe the eye, and chace away the tear.
e'er ye fly, where'er in sorrow roam,
oice of Christ still calls you to his home;
of good cheer, your sins are hence forgiv'n,
share with me eternal joys in Heav'n!"
› contrite sinner, with availing sigh,
ds her Saviour's soul-subduing eye;
ears with rapture his inspiring voice
› the sad and mournful to rejoice:
me unto me, all ye who lowly bear
ı stress of poverty, and weight of care;

"Come unto me, all ye with grief oppress'd,
"And I, the Lord, will give you peace and rest.
"Oh take my yoke, and learn of me to know,
"That Heav'n is enter'd by the paths of woe.
"Behold how I in meekness can sustain
"A heart made lowly by continued pain;
"And if I suffer, happy should ye be
"To bear such evils as are borne by me.
"Then let not worldly cares distract the mind:
"Be calm, be patient, constant and resign'd;
"For inward joy shall ev'ry ill repay,
"Such as the world ne'er gave nor took away.
"Come unto me—my ways shall lead you right
"My yoke is easy, and my burden light!"

ANON

DEVASTATION OF SIN.

What havock hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of Ills! The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee,
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things,
Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round.
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening man
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these! *Sin* has laid waste
Not here and there a country, but a *world*:
Despatch'd at one extended blow

: mankind; and for their sakes defacing
ole creation's beauty with rude hands;
ng the bearded grain, the loaded branches,
narking all along its way with ruin.
sed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find
per name to call thee by, expressive
thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
nper so transcendantly malign,
tends and serpents, of most deadly kind,
ar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
hnest plagues are thine. See how the fiend
sely scatters the contagion round!
t deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her
heels,
s deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
s out new work of great uncommon daring,
sly pines till the dread blow is struck.

BLAIR.

ADDRESS TO THE TRINITY.

r system of perfections! mighty cause
ture, that luxuriant growth of God,
r of this immeasurable mass
atter multiform: mov'd, or at rest:
r of these bright millions of the night!
hich the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
r of matter's temporary lords!
r of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
gh, paternal glory; rich-endow'd
various measures, and with various modes
stinct, reason, intuition; beams
pale, or bright from day divine, that raise
over other in superior light,
he last ripens into lustre strong

Of next approach to Godhead: Father kind
Of intellectual beings; beings blest
With powers to please thee: not of passive ply
To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well adapted joys; in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons.
Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
A title, less august indeed, but more
Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
Father of immortality to man!
And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was bought;
Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
Were made, and one redeem'd! illustrious light
From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal power,
On more adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones
Inviolably reigns; beneath whose foot
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter roll
Through the short channels of expiring time,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
In absolute subjection!—and, O Thou
The glorious third! distinct, not separate,
Beaming from both! incorporate with dust!
By condescension, as thy glory, great;
Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious pow'r!
Reveal'd,—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
Tri-une, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
Absconding yet demonstrable, great God!
Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,

Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
Beyond archangels unassisted ken;
Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;
Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,
Round various banners of omnipotence,
With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
Thro' wond'rous beings interposing swarms;
All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee;
Thro' this wide waste of worlds—look down—
down—down,
On a poor breathing particle in dust,
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes:
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the sun (tho' night's descending scale
Now weighs up morn) unpity'd and unblest!
In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
My senses, soth'd, shall sink in soft repose;
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd, and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee,
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.
Thou God and mortal! thence more God to man!
Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise,
Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,

Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
Injoins it as our duty, to rejoice!
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delights among the sons of men.
What words are these?—And did they come from heav'n?
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

YOUNG.

REFLECTIONS OF KING HEZEKIAH, IN HIS SICKNESS.

WHAT! and no more?—Is this, my soul, *said I*,
My whole of being?—Must I surely die?
Be robb'd at once of health, of strength, of time,
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's prime?
Shall I no more behold the face of morn,
The cheerful day-light, and the spring's return?
Must I the festive bow'r, the banquet leave,
For the dull chambers of the darksome grave?
Have I consider'd what it is to die?
In native dust with kindred worms to lie;
To sleep in cheerless cold neglect! to rot!
My body loath'd, my very name forgot!
Not one of all those parasites, who bend
The supple knee, their monarch to attend!
What, not one friend? No, not an hireling slave
Shall hail great HEZEKIAH in the grave.
Where's *he*, who falsely claim'd the name *of Great*?
Whose eye was terror, and whose frown was fate?
Who aw'd an hundred nations from the throne?
See where he lies, dumb, friendless, and alone!
Which grain of dust proclaims the noble birth?
Which is the royal particle of earth?

Where are the marks, the princely ensigns, where?
Which is the slave, and which great David's heir?
Alas! the beggar's ashes are not known
From his, who lately sat on Israel's throne!
How stands my great account? My soul, survey
The debt ETERNAL JUSTICE bids thee pay!
Should I frail Memory's records strive to blot,
Will Heav'n's tremendous reck'ning be forgot?
Can I, alas, the awful volume tear?
Or 'rase one page of the dread register?
"*Prepare thy house, thy heart in order set:*
Prepare the Judge of Heav'n and Earth to meet."
So spake the warning Prophet.—Awful words!
Which fearfully my troubled soul records.
Am I prepar'd? and *can* I meet my doom,
Nor shudder at the dreaded wrath to come?
Is all in order set, my house, my heart?
Does not besetting sin still claim a part?
No cherish'd error, loth to quit its place,
Obstruct within my soul the work of grace?
Did I each day for this great day prepare,
By righteous deeds, by sin subduing pray'r?
Did I each night, each day's offence repent,
And each unholy thought and word lament?
Still have these ready hands the afflicted fed,
And minister'd to Want her daily bread?
The cause I knew not, did I well explore?
Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor?
Did I, to gratify some sudden gust
Of thoughtless appetite, some impious lust
Of pleasure or of pow'r, such sums employ
As would have flush'd pale penury with joy?
Did I in groves forbidden altars raise,
Or molten gods adore, or idols praise?
Did my firm faith to Heav'n still point the way?
Did charity to man my actions sway?

Did meek-ey'd Patience all my steps attend?
Did gen'rous Candour mark me for her friend?
Did I unjustly seek to build my name
On the pil'd ruins of another's fame?
Did I abhor, as hell, the insidious lie,
The low deceit, the unmanly calumny?
Did my fix'd soul, the impious wit detest?
Did my firm virtue scorn the unhallow'd jest,
The sneer profane, and the poor ridicule
Of shallow Infidelity's dull school?
Did I still live as born one day to die,
And view the eternal world with constant eye?
If I so liv'd, if so I kept the word,
In mercy view, in mercy hear me, Lord!
For oh! how strict soe'er I kept thy law,
From mercy only all my hopes I draw;
My hollest deeds *indulgence* will require;
The best but to *forgiveness* will aspire;
If thou my purest services regard,
'Twill be with pardon only, not reward.
How imperfection's stamp'd on all below!
How sin intrudes in all we say or do!
How late, in all the insolence of health,
I charm'd the Assyrian by my boast of wealth!
How fondly with elab'rate pomp display'd
My glitt'ring treasures! with what triumph laid
My gold and gems before his dazzled eyes,
And found a rich reward in his surprise!
Oh! mean of soul! can wealth elate the heart,
Which of the man himself is not a part!
Oh, poverty of pride! Oh, foul disgrace!
Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.
Mortal and proud! strange contradicting terms!
Pride for Death's victim, for the prey of worms!
Of all the wonders which the eventful life
Of man presents; of all the mental strife

Of warring passions; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites and mad desires;
Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of what is not his own!
How short is human life! the very breath,
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.
Of this short life how large a portion's fled!
To what is gone I am already dead;
As dead to all my years and minutes past,
As I, to what remains, shall be at last.
Can I past miseries so far forget,
To view my vanish'd years with fond regret?
Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat?
Indulge fresh hope? solicit new deceit?
Of all the vanities weak man admires,
Which greatness gives, youth hopes, or pride desires;
Of these, my soul, which hast thou not enjoy'd?
With each, with all, thy sated powers are cloy'd.
What can I then expect from length of days?
More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise?
More pleasure! hope not that, deluded king!
For when did age increase of pleasure bring?
Is health of years prolong'd the common boast?
And dear-earn'd Fame, is it not cheaply lost?
More wisdom! that indeed were happiness;
That were a wish a king might well confess:
But when did Wisdom covet length of days?
Or deck its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No:—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream, diverted from its parent source;
A drop, disever'd from the boundless sea;

was I with hope of endless d
Or of lov'd life am I alone be
Let all the great, the rich, the
Let all the shades of Judah's r
And say, if genius, learning, e
Youth, beauty, virtue, strengtl
Has once revers'd the immuta
On Adam pass'd, of man's mo
What—have these eyes ne'er s
The damask cheek devour, the
On the pale rose of blasted bea
And riot on the lip so lately re
Where are our fathers? Where
Of holy prophets, and of seers
Live they for ever? Do they al
Or when did Wisdom its profe
When did the brave escape? W
Of Eloquence charm the dull ea
When did the cunning argumen
The polish'd period, or the varı
The eye of lightning, or the sou
Which thronging thousands cro
E'en while we praise the verse
And silent as his lyre great Dav
Thou blest Judah! [illegible]

Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare complain!
LORD, I submit. Complete thy gracious will!
For if thou slay me, I will trust thee still.
Oh! be my will so swallow'd up in thine,
That I may do THY will in doing *mine*.

H. MORE.

SOLITUDE.

IT is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,—
The vaulted firmament: Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon;
Silence his praise: his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean.—

GRAHAME.

A MORNING HYMN. ADAM AND EVE.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,

Him first, him last, [illegible]
Fairest of stars, l[illegible]
If better thou bel[illegible]
Sure pledge of day
With thy bright ci[illegible]
While day arises, t[illegible]
Thou Sun, of this [illegible]
Acknowledge him t[illegible]
In thy eternal cours[illegible]
And when high noo[illegible]
fall'st.
Moon, that now mee[illegible]
With the fix'd stars,
And ye five other wa[illegible]
In mystic dance, not [illegible]
His praise, who out o[illegible]
Air, and ye elements, [illegible]
Of Nature's womb, th[illegible]
Perpetual circle, multif[illegible]
And nourish all things;
Vary to our great Make[illegible]
Ye Mists and Exhalatio[illegible]
From hill or streaming l[illegible]
Till the sun paint your [illegible]
In hea[illegible]

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in the waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train drew near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musing wrapt the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mould'ring bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

All affrays ve
Not to depress
To lift it in
Who first h
And, after s
Now, grac
No King
In him a
Who shuts the s
Beneath h
Securely l
The dead alone fi

Then, while we n
To One, suprem
Raise hallelujahs!
And man most h
His winter
Fair spring
Receives him on
Where pleasu
Immortal blo
And sin and sorrov

arkness rul'd with universal sway,
and kindled up the blaze of day;
st offspring of th' omnific word!
: a garment cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
air he bade the columns rise,
the starry concave of the skies;
ie blue expanse from pole to pole,
d circumfluent æther round the whole.
he bids impetuous tempests fly,
ia sounding chariot through the sky,
: tempests the command obey,
s flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
ith his mandates, from the realms on high,
r'd hosts of radiant heralds fly;
to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
ng swift, resistless as the wind.
ent air this pond'rous ball he hung,
its centre rest for ever strong;
ir, and sea, with all their storms in vain
e basis of the firm machine.
mighty voice old Ocean raves,
his force, and gathers all his waves;
s mantled in a wat'ry robe,
less billows revel round the globe:
st hills the higher surges rise,
the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
In thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
k th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
l rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
nfusion scour their uncouth way;
ng rapid to the place decreed,
ru the hills, and sweep the humble mead,
in their bounds the waves subside;
ds, impervious to the lashing tide,
its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
the caverns, and assaults the shore.

Imbibes the silver surg
To cool the fever of his

Here rising boughs a
Project their waving u
While, gently perching
Each feather'd warbler
And, while thy praise t
Creation echoes to the g
Wide o'er the heavens th
Its tinctures brighten, an
At the glad sign the airy
Soften the hills, and chee
By genial fervor, and prol
Swift vegitation clothes th
Nature, profusely good, wi
And still is pregnant, tho'

Here verdant pastures w
And yield the grazing herd
Luxuriant waving in the w
Here golden grain rewards
Here vines mature with free
And heav'n above diffuses he
Erect and tall here mountain
Wave in the starry vault

Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes:
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.
Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.
"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number; and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"
Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

Hall navigate here their c
And ev'ry product waf
Hence meagre want ex
For the mild charms of
Hence social union spre
And India joins in frien
Here the huge potent of
Enormous mils incumber
An animated isle! and, h
Dashes to heav'ns blue ar
When skies and ocean mi
Portending instant wreck
Pleas'd in the scene, he moc
The volly'd lightning, and
And while the wrathful ele
Foments with horrid sport
All these thy watchful prov
To thee alone they turn thei
For them thou open'st thy e
Till the capacious wish can g
But, if one moment thou t
Thy glory clouded, or thy sm
Then widow'd nature veils he
And vents her grief in

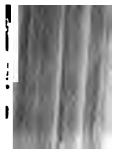
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey;
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.
If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.
While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast and animates my frame:
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,
From world to world new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind;
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its [flight
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

BLACKLOCK.

VERSES

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;



dwell in th
Than reign in t
I am out of human
I must finish my
Never hear the swe
I start at the sou
The beasts that roa
My form with in
They are so unacqua
Their tameness is

Society, friendship, a
Divinely bestow'd
O had I the wings of
How soon would I
My sorrows I then mi
In the ways of relig
Might learn from the w
And be cheer'd by th

Religion! what treasure
Resides in that heave
More precious than silve
Or all that this earth
But the sound of the ch

My friends, do they now and then send
  A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
  Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
  In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection, at hand,
  Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
  The beast is laid down in his lair:
E'en here is a season of rest,
  And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
  And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
  And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

A BIRTH DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all-gracious Providence!
  Can I deserve thy care?
Ah! no: I've not the least pretence
  To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
  From dangers and from death;
Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill
  E'er since thou gav'st me breath?

I live once more, to see the day
  That brought me first to light;

Oh! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Though dazzling splendour, pomp, and show,
My fortune has denied;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known;
And, that I'm bless'd with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
Lord, make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

ANON.

ON A FUTURE STATE.

'Tis done!—dread Winter spreads his latest gloom,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?

estless cares, those busy bustling days?
gay-spent, festive, nights? those veering
thoughts,
ween good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
al never-failing friend of Man,
le to happiness on high.—And see!
se, the glorious morn! the second birth
en, and earth! awakening Nature hears
creating word, and starts to life,
heighten'd form, from pain and death
free. *The great eternal scheme*,
g all, and in a *perfect whole*
, as the prospect wider spreads,
n's eye refin'd clears up space.
y wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
ded in the dust, adore that Power
sdom, oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
assuming worth in secret liv'd,
d neglected: why the good Man's share
ras gall and bitterness of soul:
e lone widow and her orphans pin'd,
ing solitude; while luxury,
s, lay straining her low thought,
unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
deration fair, wore the red marks
ntition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
tel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
few! who here unbending stand
life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
at your bounded view, which only saw
part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
ms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
unbounded Spring encircle all.

THOMSON.

This mere [illegible], [illegible]
He lov'd the World that hate
That dropp'd upon his Bible
Assail'd by scandal and the to
His only answer was a blame
And he that forg'd, and he th
Had each a brother's int'rest i
Paul's love of Christ, and stea
Were copied close in him, and
He follow'd Paul! his zeal a
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him, cross'd cheerfully te
Forsaking country, kindred, fri
Like him he labour'd, and like
To bear it, suffer'd shame whe
Blush, Calumny! and write up
If honest Eulogy can spare thee
Thy deep repentance of thy tho
Which, aim'd at him, have pierc'
And say, Blot out my sin, confe
Against thine image, in thy sain

What myriads praise Him in the sky
  On each resplendent speck!

Great, wond'rous, empyreal King!
  We on thy glories gaze,
Whilst earth, and all her fulness, sing,
  Unceasingly, thy praise.

O may I never cease my part
  In that grand song to bear;
But, grateful, tune my raviah'd heart
  When day or night appear.

ROSE.

HYMN.

Thou didst, O mighty God! exist
  Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
  Fill'd up the void of space:

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
  In fluid air was stay'd,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
  Their liquid stores display'd;

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
  The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
  Or starry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious spheres
  Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
  Were measur'd by the sun:

Ere through the empyrean courts
  One hallelujah rung;

[illegible]
Thy bliss, O sacred s
Thy glory, was the

And when the pillars
With sudden ruin b
And all this vast and g
Sinks in the mighty

When from her orb the
Th' astonish'd sun ro
And all the trembling st
Their ancient course

For ever permanent and
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting
Shall thy existence be.

PSALM CXXII

The festal Morn, my God,
That calls me to thy honou
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall
With willi

Hither from *Judah's* utmost end
The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;
Their off'rings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

By his Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crowds their cause refer;
While Princes, from her Throne,
With equal doom, th' unerring Law
Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
From *Jesse's* favour'd Son.

Be Peace by Each implor'd on thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob's* God we pray;
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Distribute all her store.

Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansion of my God? MERRICK.

HYMN.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,

Above the mountains and the hills,
  And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
  All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
  And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion Hill
  Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Zion Towers
  Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign
  Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
  To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
  Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
  And study war no more.

Come then—O come from ev'ry land,
  To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
  With holy beauties shine.

LOGAN.

MARTYRS.

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass

To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their ashes flew
—No marble tell us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny, that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious suff'rers little praise.

COWPER.

THE CONTRITION OF PETER.

Hither he came, and falling on his knees,
Like the' humble publican smote on his breast,
And this confession self-accusing made.
Here let me fall and in repentant tears
Weep out my soul upon these piti'less stones,
Made sacred by His steps, whose awful name
Thrice blasphem'd, thrice abjur'd, I dare not speak,
Though in my supplication. Can I say,
Spare me, O God of mercy? Can I ask
Pardon of God, unpardon'd of myself?

Ascend out of the dust, (
In hope towards heav'n
Colleagues in treason; wh
In the execretion of all
Or shall I venture to loo
O God, behold a wretch,
For mercy but for mitiga
For punishment proportio
Protracted, not too sudde
My senses from me and w
Of meditation, penance an
Spare me a little to abhor
And if the arrow, which
Into this guilty heart, dra
Of its vile blood to purify
Let the strong hand of just
And finish me at once. W
Of my presumption, and a
To number my denials, wh
Never to swerve, but follow
Mine, like ISCARIOT's, was
I spar'd not him, I call'd h
Obstinate malice; and can
Necessity my plea? All

Legions of Angels could have call'd from heav'n?
And what prevaricating dæmon breath'd
The lye into my lips, when the same night,
Nay, the same hour, that saw me prompt to' expose
My life to danger, saw me meanly shrink
From what I courted, and behind a lye
Three times repeated like a coward sculk?
And did I not know CHRIST whom I denied?
Did I not know the Master whom I serv'd,
Who call'd me to him, pour'd into my heart
His heav'nly doctrines, rais'd my lowly thoughts
From the mean drudgery of a fisher's trade,
And taught me in the energy of faith
To walk upon that sea, in which ere-while
I drag'd the net and toil'd for daily bread?
O memory, once my glory, now my curse.
To what sad purpose do I call thee home,
Absent in danger, present in despair?
Is there a wonder done of CHRIST on earth
I have not witness'd? Did I not behold
Dead Lazarus revive at his command?
What shall I say to him, whom I saw die,
When living he arraigns me face to face?
What answer make to those, whom I have serv'd
From one small wallet with the bread of thousands?
The very blind, ere they receiv'd their sight,
Saw more than I, and hail'd him LORD and CHRIST.
Who shall believe when I renounce belief?
The very dev'ls own Him whom I denied.
Can I call these accurst, whose impious cry
Dooms him to death; who smite him with their palms
Blaspheming? Harder than their hands my heart
Wretch, 'twas my false tongue train'd them on to
On me, me only all their sin rebounds: [murder;
I stand condemn'd, they free. Can I forget

[illegible] his Angels with th
To [illegible] his elect from the f
Wh[illegible] shepherd call[illegible]
To separate all nations [illegible]
The good from evil he pr[illegible]
Then will he not retort the [illegible]
First us'd of me, I know thee
Thou wicked servant, into out
There weep and gnash thy tee
For SATAN and his outcast cre

HUMAN FRA[illegible]

WEAK and irresolute is [illegible]
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into hi
To-morrow rends away

The bow well bent, and s
Vice seems already slain
But passion rudely snaps t
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright int

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength.
Man vainly trusts his own,

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast!
The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

RAVERSE the world, go fly from pole to pole,
o far as winds can blow or waters roll,
ll, all is vanity, beneath the sun,
o certain death through diff'rent paths we run.
o the pale miser poring o'er his gold;
o there a galley-slave to misery sold!
ambition's vot'ries groan beneath its weight,
he splendid victim of the tolls of state.
ol in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow;
ove's softest pleasures terminate in woe;
ven learning ends her vast career in doubt,
nd puzzling on makes nothing clearly out:
here then is sov'reign bliss? Where doth it grow?
now, mortal! happiness ne'er dwelt below.
eek towards Heav'n, be Heav'n thy only care;
urn the vile earth—go seek thy treasure there;
virtuous course, and Heav'n alone you'll find,
an fill a boundless and immortal mind.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

HYMN.

Mutability of the Creation; immutability of God.

GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name!

[illegible]
See earth and stars

Beyond an angel's
Thou dwell'st in s
Which shines, with
While suns and wor

Our days a transien
And change with e
And, in the firmest
A moth can crush u

But, let the creature
Let death consign us
Let the last gen'ral
And melt the arches

Calm as the summer
Can all the wreck of
While grace secures u
Unshaken as the thro

THE FUTILITY OF MA

Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange, light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad; thought outward bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

YOUNG.

CHRIST'S PREDICTION FULFILLED.

"On us and on our children be his blood!"—
Such was your imprecation, O ye Jews,
When in your sight the world's Redeemer stood
Gash'd o'er with wounds, and emptying ev'ry vein
For man's redemption; and behold! it flows,
It whelms upon you in a flood-gate tide;
Steep'd to the lips ye are in all the blood
Of all the righteous shed upon the earth,
From blood of righteous Abel to the blood
Of Zechariah, whom your fathers ston'd
Betwixt the altar and the house of God.
Ye have enough; the mark is on your race;
Ye have drawn down the judgment ye provok'd,
It rests upon you: Yet for you no rest,
No station, no abiding-place is found;
Strangers and weary wand'rers upon earth,
If in the dust of your Jerusalem
With foot proscrib'd ye dare to tread, ye die;
A savage race usurps your sacred mount,
And Jordan echoes an unhallow'd name;
Should ye but stop to shed a filial tear
Upon the soil where your forefathers sleep,
Woe to the circumcis'd that so is found!
Oh! slow of heart, when will ye understand,
That thus afflicted, scatter'd and dispers'd

Through every clime and kingdom of the world
Ye are sent forth to publish, as ye pass,
How truly CHRIST predicted of your fate;
And though your lips deny, your sufferings prove
That prophet JESUS, whom your fathers slew,
Was Saviour, Christ, Messias, Son of God.

CUMBERLAND.

A DREAM.

Well may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith 's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy
Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
I was cast on Ocean's strife,
This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,
Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadow'd in the forward distance
Lay the land of death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,

I beheld two hands a-space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul reviv'd at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being,
Smiling, steer'd my bark.
Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair Spirit!
That my death-hour is not to come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?—
Tell my soul their sum."
"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measur'd prospect:—
Ask not for a curse!
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That 's now revolving in thy breast.

"'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehears'd,

In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine—
Threads by fate together spun?
Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

"Would'st thou bear again Love's trouble—
Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
Of Ambition's prize?
Say thy life's new-guided action
Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
Still would Envy and Detraction
Double not their stings?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr."
—I caught the moral, and cried, Hail,
Spirit! let us onward sail
Envying, fearing, hating none,
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!"

T. CAMPBELL.

THE COVENANTERS' SABBATH.

'Twas Sabbath morn,—a loveller ne'er arose,
And nature seem'd in silent calm repose;
No cloud was seen along the azure sky,
While the pure streamlet glided softly by;

From tree to tree the warbling minstrels sung,
And heav'n's clear arch with echoing praises rung.
Then all was still, yet persecution's rage
Alarm'd the righteous in an evil age.
No gladsome bell announc'd the hour to pray,
The solemn temples moulder'd to decay.
God's people met—amidst the lonely wild,
Like wretched outcasts, from the world exil'd:
In a lone cave—the Eagle's drear abode,
They met to worship, and to praise their God;
The fearful rocks around, their temple hung,
And echo'd back the praises as they sung;
The preacher stood,—but there no pomp display'd,
God's book his guide, God's countenance his aid;
And round him sat a mourning flock, whose breath
Trembl'd each moment on the verge of death.
In caves like this, their Sabbath hours were spent,
Till the pale Moon illum'd the firmament;
And there they met—amidst the gloom of night,
When not a taper shed its trembling light.
While near that spot, the lovely crystal stream,
(That struggles sweetly 'neath the silver beam),
Heard on its banks a tender infant sigh—
Its name pronounced 'midst breezes passing by;
While all unconscious of the holy rite,
It smil'd amidst the dangers of the night.
And in that place, the Sacramental board,
Was spread in mem'ry of their risen Lord,
While clouds of darkness thunder'd in the sky,
And the fork'd lightning flash'd in terror by;
And there, how oft the awful gloom was broke,
When the white flame fell on the living rock—
Illum'd the table with its relics spread,
As if heaven's brightness rested on their head.

ALPHA.

THE MYSTERY OF A FUTURE STATE, NO ARGUMENT AGAINST IT.

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end;
Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou shalt be.
A miracle, with miracles incloss'd,
Is man! and starts his faith at what is strange?
What less than wonders from the Wonderful?
What less than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God,—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him—all is mystery besides.
We nothing know, but what is marvellous:
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
So weak our reason, and so great our God,
What most surprises in the sacred page,
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
Faith is not reason's labor, but repose.

YOUNG.

THE CONTEMPLATIST; A NIGHT PIECE.

The Queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm
  The cool creation wears!
And what day drank of dewy balm,
  The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
  The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
  That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that, bending o'er their banks,
  From sultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
  And scent the western wind.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
  That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
  A Phœnix' nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
  Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp she rides
  Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
  Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit from busy passions free,
  And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
  Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
  Shall Youth and Vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
  It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side advance,
  We'll search the Milky Way.

[illegible]
That o'er the mee
Vapours.—How lik
That cheat the hea

But there's a friendly
That, lambent o'er
Enlivens, with a glad
The hermit's osier s

Among the russet shad
It glances from afar,
And darts along the du
It seems a silver star

In coverts (where the f
If Virtue deigns to d
'Tis thus the little lamp
Gives lustre to her cell

How smooth that rapid r
Progressive to the deep
The poppies, pendent o'er
Have charm'd the wave

Pleasure's intoxicated sons
Ye indolent! [illegible]

Old Error, thus, with shades impure
  Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure
  She bursts upon the mind,

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
  They lock the shepherd's fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
  'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
  An unresisting prize!
For, having trod a devious way,
  The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
  Whom pleasure once misguides:
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
  Where Innocence presides—

The passions, a relentless train!
  To tear the victim, run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
  Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
  Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
  Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
  Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
  And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night
  Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright,
  Is hid behind a storm!

The [illegible]
I've [illegible]
For, while Integrity
The soul will sit s

A raven, from some
Amidst that clofste
Bids me, and 'tis a so
Reflect upon the to

The tomb!—The cons
The temple rais'd to
The port, that to its fr
Compels the human

Yon village, to the mo
A solemn aspect we
Where sleep hath lull'd
And kill'd his daily

'Tis but the church-yar
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the menta
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetra
The grave's

The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
  Renews her gentle strains;
And Hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
  Her wonted seat regains.

Yes—When yon lucid orb is dark,
  And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
  Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient, breeze,
  My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
  Give vigour to the mind.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE TREASON OF JUDAS.

DARK came the ev'ning on, and the pale moon,
Now faintly glimm'ring through a wint'ry cloud,
Shed her dim horrors o'er the shadowy earth;
Whilst through the silent streets with step disturb'd,
And heart by hellish meditations rent,
The Outcast of the Lord pursued his way,
SCARIOT, name for evermore accurst.
Onward he went unquestion'd, unobserv'd,
For all upon this solemn night kept house,
Nor stopp'd till forth the city gates he came
To Cedron's brook, whose bubbling current laves
The olive-crowned Mount, favour'd of CHRIST
For its umbrageous groves and silent haunts,
For pray'r and contemplation fit retreat.
Here first, as one awaken'd to new thoughts,
Starting he check'd his step, and with a groan,
That rent his lab'ring bosom, thus broke forth.
  Oh, my torn heart! Oh, soul-tormenting scenes!
Can I forget the blissful hours I've pass'd

And courted me to enter. He
Must I remember? Never man
Could with such magic eloquen
The senses of his hearers, lift th
To heav'nly contemplations and
To thoughts beyond itself; then
Upon this lower world and all i
Its pains, its persecutions with
Sometimes envelop'd in mysteri
And parables he couch'd the mo
Which painted on the memory l
Indelible: But when with tongu
The fall of nations he foretold, a
The curtain of futurity aside;
When in the pomp of numbers h
Jerusalem beleaguer'd with a hos
Of Gentile foes and trodden dow
Her matrons and her virgins wh
Or dragg'd to violation, shame an
By ruffian spoilers; when his soa
Spurning the world's wide compass
And there amidst the empyrean fl
As in his proper region, shook the
Of sun, moon, stars, as with a mu

To dignities and thrones and starry spheres
Exalted, loftiest in the realms of light.
But now these bright illusions are no more;
Vanish'd these glitt'ring scenes, my claims on heav'n
All cancell'd, and my hopes a bankrupt's dream,
Mocking the haunted fancy with a pile
Of visionary wealth. Behold me sham'd,
Banish'd his board, detected, and my thoughts
Turn'd outward to provoke my brethren's scorn,
And blazon forth his prescience: Let that pass!
Traitor pronounc'd, a traitor will I be;
That prophecy at least shall be fulfill'd.
Though master of my will I could refute
And dash his bold prediction, yet my heart
Ponders revenge more suited to its wrongs,
Greater than such slight triumph can bestow,
And not less terrible than death itself.
This night, the last that he shall walk at large,
This night shall be his triumph or his fall.
If these grave elders, who conspire his death,
These reverend priests revolt not from the deed,
That casts on them, their function and their tribe
The peril of his blood, why should my heart
Shrink from its purpose? What have I to fear
In act subordinate, in cause supreme,
Traitor prejudg'd, of uncommitted crimes
Arraign'd, and thrown upon the world condemn'd?
More he had said, but, like a serpent coil'd,
With sudden start he shrunk into himself,
And list'ning held his breath to catch the sound
Of steps, that echoing o'er the flinty soil
Bespoke a company in near approach:
With these the Master's well-known voice he heard;
Whereat, like murd'rous Cain when call'd of God,
The cow'ring conscious outcast slunk aside,
And wrapp'd his russet cloak about his head,

Then darkling stood; the holy troop meanwhile
Forded the shallow brook and held their way
Strait to the Olive Mount, their wonted haunt.

CUMBERLAND.

A PRAYER.

Under the pressure of violent anguish.

O Thou Great Being! what thou art
  Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that, known to thee
  Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
  All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
  Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
  From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
  Or close them fast in death!

But, if I must afflicted be,
  To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
  To bear, and not repine!

BURNS.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Reason 's progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.

'as man to live coeval with the sun,
he patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
et, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.
len perish in advance, as if the sun
ould set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd.
o man, why, stepdame nature, so severe?
Thy thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
Thile meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
r, if abortively poor man must die,
lor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread?
Vhy curst with foresight? wise to misery?
Vhy of his proud prerogative the prey?
Vhy less pre-eminent in rank than pain?—
Ie immortality alone can tell,
all ample fund to balance all amiss,
nd turn the scale in favour of the just.

YOUNG.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IMITATED.

FATHER of all! Eternal mind!
  Immensely good and great!
Thy children, form'd and blest by thee,
  Approach thy heav'nly seat.

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung!
  We join the solemn praise:
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
  Our cheerful homage raise.

Thy mild, thy wise, and sov'reign reign,
  Let every being own:
And in our minds, thy work divine,
  Erect thy gracious throne.

As angels, in the heavenly worlds,
  Thy bless'd commands fulfil,

[illegible]

[illegible] they [illegible]

Extend thy grace [illegible]
Oh! let thy love [illegible]
Teach us divine [illegible]
Nor let resentmen[illegible]

Where tempting sin[illegible]
Permit us not to [illegible]
Avert the threat'nin[illegible]
From our unguar[illegible]

Thy sacred name we [illegible]
With humble joyf[illegible]
And praise thy good[illegible]
Eternal, unconfin'[illegible]

PAREN[illegible]

(Exodus xx[illegible]

The voice of nature, yea, th[illegible]
Commands to honour the[illegible]

parent is indeed a tender friend,
And, if once lost, we never more shall find
bosom that so tremblingly can blend
Its feelings with our own congenial mind;
Our lips may speak their anguish to the wind
hat hurries heedlessly and wildly by—
Our hearts, to lonely agony consigned,
[ay throb without relief—for no reply [-bed lie.
omes from the mouldering breasts that in their grave
And then we pause to think—alas! how late!—
Of deeds that wrung a parent's heart with pain;
And oh! could we but open death's dark gate;
And lead them back into the world again—
Oh! but once more to see their face!—'tis vain!
nce more to hear their voice!—'tis sweetly driven
Across our fancy, and expires,—and then
Ve wish ourselves away—away to heaven,
To weep upon their breast, and there to be forgiven.

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

HYMN.

Love, the new Commandment.

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became it's author well.

"Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

To every child of [illegible]
His secret bounty, largely [illegible]
And brings unask'd relief.

"To gentle offices of love [illegible]
His feet are never slow; [illegible]
He views, thro' mercy's melting
A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his G
My peace to him I give;
And, when he kneels before the
His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be sho
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

THE LAST SUPPER.

The sun had sunk beneath the Wester
And now at ev'ning hour the Jews pr
To celebrate the Passover, ordain'd

ıests were present and the table spread;
oins begirt, as men upon the march,
taff in hand, they snatch a hasty meal:
one, in pensive meditation wrapt,
aviour, conscious of impending death,
ı the midst; to his all-present mind
eason and the traitor stood confest.
ing, abash'd and from the rest apart,
ıor at the table's lowest foot
post, where best he might escape that glance,
whose intelligence no heart could hide
ility meditations: All eyes else
center'd on the Saviour's face divine,
ı with the brightness of the Godhead mix'd
ı of human sorrow, and display'd
orkings of a mind, where mercy seem'd
ling to reconcile some mortal wrong
rdon and forbearance; Such a look
silence sacred, every tongue was mute;
PETER's zeal forbore the vent of words,
nt itself in murmurs half suppress.
gth the meek REDEEMER rais'd his eyes,
ı gentle resignation, tempering grief,
'd grace ineffable on all around,
vith these words the awful silence broke.
se not if I am sad, nor stand aghast
ubtful of my constancy; these pangs
nore which I must suffer, were foreseen;
our not coming comes now by surprize,
he consummation of my charge,
ills the measure of atonement up.
I then say, Father, avert this hour,
ave me from these agonies? Not so
heart prepar'd to suffer and submit
t my doom forewarn'd: Yet ere we part
this last office from your Master's hands;

And girt [illegible]
And now with [illegible]
The Son of God in servant-like [illegible]
Prepar'd to execute his menial [illegible]
All gaz'd, all wonder'd, but no voice
None dar'd to pray forbearance of the
Till he, whose heart was ever on his
PETER, in warm expostulation cried:

Lord, dost thou wash my feet, thy
Mean as the dust he treads on? Neve
Never shalt thou do that for one so vi
So all-unworthy: That be far from t
Such homage ill beseemeth thee to pa
Me to receive.—To him the Lord rep

PETER, as yet thou know'st not wh
Hereafter thou shalt know; therefore
Cease to oppose, for if I wash thee no
With me thou hast no part,—Struck
With horror at the thought, his eager
Wing'd with the flame of rhapsody, b

Oh! not my feet alone, my hands,
Wash me all o'er, and sanctify each p

There needs not this, the meek Ras
Enough is done; thus wash'd, though

l me Lord and Master; well ye say,
ch in truth I am; if then your Lord
ek and lowly, will not ye renounce
and contention? If the Master stoops
sh his feet who serves, shall ye do less
se your equal brethren? Learn of me,
ach with other deal, as I with you:
on your hearts my words; the time draws nigh
I shall speak no more with you on earth:
ve all heard; how blest if ye obey!
k not of you all: Whilst here ye sit
ming fellowship around my board,
g this social meal, my last on earth,
: not but I can search into your breasts,
ee whose hearts are loyal, whose is false;
nark me well, I fall not by man's wiles,
npredicted is the trait'rous act,
vell I know the wretch, whose faithless hand
with me in the dish, shall soon be dy'd
my devoted blood. Betray'd I am,
r'd I cannot be.——This when they heard,
with the other interchang'd a look
estion and suspect; speechless they star'd,
unded and aghast: As men drawn forth
sclmation tremble to unfold
ot of life or death, so these in doubt
hom the word of prophecy might light,
us yet fearful to enquire of CHRIST,
a'd their own hearts in silence. All perceiv'd
science, which to God alone belongs,
liar with their thoughts, and every soul,
that dire wretch whom conscience inly smote,
bled lest unpremeditated guilt
t be denounc'd upon him, or the sin
e man, as of Korah, move the Lord
the whole congregation to be wroth.

[illegible]
Though much his humble nature [illegible]
In accent soft, with supplicating [illegible]
Turn'd on the Master, the meek [illegible]
Lord, shew thy true and faithful [illegible]
And let us know the traitor.—He [illegible]
Jesus replied, on whom I shall be[illegible]
This sop, when I have dipp'd it in[illegible]

THE CURSE OF CAI[illegible]

(*Gen.* iv. 15. *and* 16.)

O the wrath of the Lord is a terri[illegible]
Like the tempest that withers the bl[illegible]
Like the thunder that bursts on th[illegible]
It fell on the head of the homicide [illegible]

And lo! like a deer in the fright o[illegible]
With a fire in his heart, and a bra[illegible]
He speeds him afar to the desert of [illegible]
A vagabond smote by the vengeanc[illegible]

All nature to him has been blasted [illegible]
For the blood of a brother yet reek[illegible]

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
For her tender cares, and her innocent breath,
But stir in his soul the hot embers of wrath.

And his offering may blaze—unregarded by Heaven;
And his spirit may pray—yet remain unforgiven;
And his grave may be closed—but no rest to him
O the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing![bring:

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

HYMN.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim!
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry listening saint above,
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,

" Ye shades, dispel [illegible]
At once th' involving dark
And nature sprung t

Whate'er a blooming wor
That wings the air, that a
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, sound his awf
To heav'n aloud; and roar
Ye swelling deeps bel

Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with a
To him who bids you
His praise in softer notes
Each whispering breeze of
And breathe it to the

To him, ye graceful cedars,
Ye tow'ring mountains, be
Your great Creator ow
Tell, when affrighted natur
How Sinai kindled at his l
And trembled at his f

Ye flocks that haunt the hu
Ye insects flutt'ring on the

Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd in the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne.
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre. OGILVIE.

THE XXV. CHAPTER OF JOB PARAPHRASED.

Then will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will!
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven?
With reason's line the boundless distance scan?
Oppose Heav'n's awful majesty to man?
To what a length his vast dimensions run!
How far beyond the journey's of the sun!

Unnumber'd as, these [illegible]
And the gay legions guard h
High o'er th' ethereal plains
And pour their flaming rank
From their bright arms incess
And the wide azure kindles v

To this low world he bids
Down through the gulphs of
For man he taught the glorio
From his bright barrier to his

How then shall man, thus
Plead with his judge, and com
How from his mortal mother
Unstain'd from sin, untinctur

The Lord, from his sublime
As a dark globe regards the sil
Those stars, that grace the wi
Are but the humblest sweepin
Dim are the brightest splendou
And the sun darkens in Jehov
But does not sin diffuse a foule
And thicker darkness cloud the
Shall he the depths of endless v
This short-liv'd sovereign of the

Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear,
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store,
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;

And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

PSALM.

The first six verses of the nineteenth Psalm.

O THOU! the first, the greatest, friend
  Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
  Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
  Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
  Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds,
  This universal frame,
From countless unbeginning time
  Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years,
  Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
  Than yesterday, that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
  Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
  'Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
  In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood, thou tak'st them off
  With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
  In beauty's pride array'd;

But, long ere night, cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

BURNS.

THE WORLD PASSES AWAY.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wand'rers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

MOORE.

THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

And about him welcomin

NATIVITY.

For thou wert born of woman!
O Holiest! to this world of sin a
Not in thy dread omnipotent arm
And not by thunders strew'
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother, undefil'd,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heav'ns were not commanded
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthrone
A single silent star
Came wand'ring from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along
The Eastern Sages leading on

From all the cherub choirs,
And seraph's burning lyres
Pour'd through the host of heav'n the charmed
One angel troop the strain began, [clouds along.
Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radience came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their
For thou didst bear away from earth [tombs.
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance break,
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day,
The world in darkness lay,
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb, [sun:
Consenting to thy doom,
Ere yet the white-rob'd Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few:
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,

Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy. MILMAN.

TO-MORROW.

(Proverbs xxvii. 2.)

To-MORROW!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
That even thyself may'st pass away.

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Beautiful creature! I have been
  Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green
  Of yonder dark, embow'ring tree;
And now again, in frolic glee,
  Hov'ring around those opening flowers,
Happy as nature's child should be,
  Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,
  Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
  With desultory thoughts combine
Not to induce me to repine,
  Or envy thee thy happiness;
But from a lot so bright as thine
  To borrow musings born to bless.

Then thou, delightful creature, who
  Wert yesterday a slightless worm
Becom'st a symbol fair and true
  Of hopes that own no mortal term;
In thy proud change we see the germ
  Of Man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
  The type of immortality!

A change more glorious far than thine,
  E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
  Down to its kindred dust shall go;
When the anxiety and woe
  Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
  In some confus'd and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,
With all thy nature asks—supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid these haunts shall glide,
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride
The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
Shall be—as thou hadst never been!

While Man's immortal part, when Time
Shall set the chainless spirit free,
May seek a brighter, happier clime
Than Fancy e'er could feign for thee;
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
And sad Experience mourns to see
Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

Sport on, then, lovely Summer fly,
With whom began my votive strain:—
Yet purer joys their hopes supply,
Who, by Faith's alchemy, obtain
Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,
Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,
Though earthly losses heavenly gain,
And Life immortal through the Tomb.

BERNARD BARTON.

GRAVE-STONES,

A Fragment.

The grass is green and the spring floweret blooms,
And the tree blossoms all as fresh and fair
As death had never visited the earth;
Yet every blade of grass, and every flower,
And every bud and blossom of the spring
Is the memorial that nature rears

Over a kindred grave.—Ay, and the song
Of woodland wooer, or his nuptial lay,
As blithe as if the year no winter knew,
Is the lament of universal death.
The merry singer is the living link
Of many a thousand years of death gone by,
And many a thousand in futurity,—
The remnant of a moment, spared by him
But for another meal to gorge upon.
This globe is but our father's cemetery—
The sun, and moon, and stars that shine on high,
The lamps that burn to light their sepulchre,
The bright escutcheons of their funeral vault.
Yet does man move as gayly as the barge,
Whose keel sings through the waters, and her sails
Kythe like the passing meteor of the deep;
Yet ere to-morrow shall those sunny waves
That wanton round her, as they were in love,
Turn dark and fierce, and swell, and swallow her,
So is he girt by death on every side,
As heedless of it.—Thus he perishes.
Such were my thoughts upon a summer eve,
As forth I walked to quaff the cooling breeze.
The setting sun was curtaining the west
With purple and with gold, so fiercely bright,
That eye of mortal might not look on it—
Pavilion fitted for an angel's home.
The sun's last ray fell slanting on a thorn
With blossom's white, and there a blackbird sat
Bidding the sun adieu, in tones so sweet
As fancy might awake around his throne.
My heart was full, yet found no utterance,
Save in a half-breathed sigh and moistening tear.
I wander'd on, scarce knowing where I went,
Till I was seated on an infant's grave.
Alas! I knew the little tenant well;

She was one of a lovely family,
That oft had clung around me like a wreath
Of flowers, the fairest of the maiden spring—
It was a new-made grave, and the green sod
Lay loosely on it; yet affection there
Had rear'd the stone, her monument of fame.
I read the name—I lov'd to hear her lisp—
'Twas not alone, but every name was there
That lately echoed through that happy dome.
I had been three weeks absent; in that time
The merciless destroyer was at work,
And spar'd not one of all the infant group.
The last of all I read the grandsire's name,
On whose white locks I oft had seen her cheek
Like a bright sunbeam on a fleecy cloud
Rekindling in his eye the fading lustre,
Breathing into his heart the glow of youth.
He died at eighty of a broken heart,
Bereft of all for whom he wished to live.

JAMES GRA'

THE HAPPY EVENING.

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving show'r,
The sweetest sunshine is the last,
The loveliest is the ev'ning hour.

ANON

LINES LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:

When, for this scene of peace and love,
  I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
  Long, long, be pleas'd to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
  And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
  With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
  But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
  In manhood's dawning blush!
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
  Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph, sister-band,
  With earnest tears, I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
  Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
  O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
  A family in Heav'n!

BURNS.

THE MISSIONARY.

He left his native land, and far away
  Across the waters sought a world unknown
Though well he knew that he in vain might stray
  In search of one so lovely as his own.

He left his home, around whose humble hearth
  His parents, kindred, all he valued, smiled—
Friends who had known and lov'd him from his birth
  And who still lov'd him as a favourite child.

Though unalloyed by [illegible]
In them not even his wishes [illegible]
And the world knew not of his wo

Canst thou not guess what taught his
'Twas love!—but not such love
That often smiles its sweetest to betra
And stabs the breast that offered it

'Twas love to God! and love to all m
His master bade the obedient serva
And try if he in distant realms could
Some, who His name and saving

'Twas this that nerved him when he
His aged mother at their parting al
'Twas this that taught her how to cal
And beg a heavenly blessing on his

'Twas this that made his father calml
A godly sorrow, deep, but undisma
And bade him humbly ask of God, in
His virtuous son to counsel, guide,

And when he rose to bless, and wish
And bent a head with age and sorro

"I bid thee go, though human tears will steal
From eyes that see the course thou hast to run;
And God forgive me if I wrongly feel,—
Like Abraham called to sacrifice his son."

And he is gone! with ardent steps he prest
Across the hills, to where the vessel lay,
And soon, I ween, upon the ocean's breast,
They saw the white sails bearing him away.

And did he go unfriended—poor—alone?
Did none of those, who, in a favour'd land,
The shelter of the gospel tree had known,
Desire to see its peaceful shade expand?

'Tis not for me to answer questions here;
Let every heart its own responses give;
And all, to whom their fellow-men are dear
Bestow the bread by which their souls may live,

M. R.

TIME.

(Job. ix. 25 and 26.)

Time speeds away—away—away:
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away:
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;

No eagle through the shiem
No wind along the hills can
So swiftly or so smooth and
Like fiery steed—from stag
He bears us on—from yoo
Then plunges in the fearful
Of fathomless Eternity.

KNOX

IT IS GOOD TO BE

METHINKS it is good to be he
If thou wilt let us build—but f
Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that en
The abode of the dead, and the

Shall we build to ambition?
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him
To a small narrow cave, and beg
To the meanest of reptiles a pea

To Beauty? Ah! no, she c

Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the
shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to affection and love?
Ah! no; they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above,—
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love or fear;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd;

The Divi

Jehovah-God-(
On ev'ry hand
O may the blessi
Lead all our th

If, on the wings
To earth's rem
Thy right hand w
Thine arm our

Thy pow'r is in t
And reaches to
Thine eye of merc
Thy goodness n

From morn till no
The hand of Go
And all the blessin
Ceaseless, proce

In all the varying
On thee our hop

Whether we name thee God of all,
Or Alla, Jove, or Mirthra call,
  Thou, thou, alone art truly great!

Princes, the shadows of thy nod,
Live but to shew how low to God
  Is all the gaudy pride of earth:
Thy kingdom comprehends all space;
Thy crown, enrich'd with pearls of grace,
  Is glorious as the morning's birth!

If earth's an atom in thy sight,
Enwrapt in folly's mazy night,
  How low am I that on it dwell!
Thy brightness, not the sun can show;
Thy voice, not all the winds that blow,
  Nor all the rolling thunders tell;

The earthquake, and the tempest, both
Are but the bubbles of thy wrath,
  When vice appall'd shrinks at thy frown;
But fearless virtue's heav'nly form,
Sits, like an angel, mid the storm,
  And smiling wreathes her olive crown.

Grasp the whole earth within thy hand,
Bid heav'n be nought at thy command,
  Thou, only thou, be still the same;
The void immense itself shall cry,
"Glory to thee, O God most high,"
  And ever "hallow'd be thy name!"

HUNT.

PSALM CXXXIII.

r there be one whose thoughts delight to wander
 pleasure's fields, where love's bright streams
  If there be one who longs to find [meander;

Of [illegible]
And not by [illegible]
But by their [illegible]
And every heart [illegible]
Upon fraterna[illegible]

Oh! blest abode, w[illegible]
Where tranquil pe[illegible]
Where none u[illegible]
But each with pri[illegible]
Oh! what are all e[illegible]
Fraternal una[illegible]

E'en as the ointme[illegible]
From Aaron's head[illegible]
Which hung a[illegible]
Bedewing every inc[illegible]
And falling thence,[illegible]
The holy garb[illegible]

So doth the unity th[illegible]
Share its best blessi[illegible]
And makes the[illegible]
Contain'd their mind[illegible]
And spreads its swe[illegible]
Until it [illegible]

So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers, without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest;
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Ah! happy they whom geneal concord blesses:
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,
And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquility and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded;
And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blessings crown'd,
And tastes in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power from concord flows.

God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it;
His promises of future blessings greet it,
And fixt prosperity, which brings
Long life, and ease, beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune—that remains sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.

BOWRING.

REASONS FOR BELIEF.

"WHAT am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be:
But what eternal?—Why not human race;
And Adam's ancestor's without an end?

Grant matter [illegible]
Would want some other father;—
Is seen in all their motions, all th
Design implies intelligence, and a
That can't be from themselves, or
Man scarce can comprehend, coul
And nothing greater, yet allow'd,
Who, motion, foreign to the smal
Shot thro' vast masses of enormou
Who bid brute matter's restive lu
Such various forms, and gave it v
Has matter innate motion? Then
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an univers
Has matter none? Then whence the
And boundless flights, from shape
Has matter more than motion? h
Judgement, and genius? Is it dee
In mathematics? Has it fram'd s
Which, but to guess, a Newton m
If so, how each sage atom laughs
Who think a clod inferior to a ma
If art, to form; and council, to co
And that with greater far than hu

ubsist it must, in God, or human race:
f in the last, how many knots beside,
adissoluble all?—why choose it there,
There, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it; where that chosen, all the rest
Dispers'd, leave reason's whole horizon clear?
What vast preponderance is here! Can reason
With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
What thing's impossible must man think true,
In any other system? and how strange
To disbelieve, through mere credulity!" YOUNG.

ADAM AND EVE'S ALTERNATE HYMN.

(From the Tragedy of *Adam in banishment.*)

ADAM.

The all-quickening light is rolling there,
  Which bids the shadowy forms emerge
  From yon horizon's furthest verge
And flit across earth's bosom fair:
The song of birds salutes the day—
  A song whose chorus soars to Him
  Who pours on all his blessing's beam,
And wakes the universal lay.
Come, let us join that choral song;
  Come, let our voices blend with theirs;
  And as their praises float along
We'll pour the incense of our prayers.
I'll lead the grateful hymn, my love!
  And thou a sweeter strain shalt bring;
  How shall we celebrate—how sing
The Spirit blest that reigns above!

EVE.

Yes! Let us sing of God—the spring,
  The source of all we feel and see;
  What theme can be so blest as He—

Director—life-sustainer—king!
Lift, lift, my love! thy thoughts on high;
  I'll follow their sublimest flight,
  And hill and wood and valley bright
Shall to the joyous hymn reply.

ADAM.

O Father! we approach Thy throne,
  Who bidd'st the glorious sun arise:
  All-good, Almighty, and All-wise!
Great source of all things—God alone!
We see Thee, brighter than the rays
  Of the bright sun: we see Thee shine,
  As in a fountain's face—divine;
We see Thee—endless fount of days:
We see Thee, who our frames hast brought,
  With one swift word, from senseless clay—
  Waked—with one glance of heavenly ray,
Our never-dying souls from nought.
Those souls thou lightedst with the spark
  Of Thy pure fire—and gracious still—
  Gav'st immortality—free will,
And language—not involved, nor dark.

EVE.

God—God be praised! who form'd us thus,
  He was, and is, and shall endure:
  Pure—He shall make all nature pure,
And fix his dwelling here with us.
What sweeter thought—what stronger token
  Than that his everlasting hand
  Body and soul in holy band
Hath bound—that never shall be broken!

ADAM.

'Tis he whose kind and generous care
  This lovely garden's range hath planted,
  Where nought that charms desire is wanted,

And joy's a guest immortal here.
The fount of life—whence waters living
  O'erspreading all the garden flow—
  Bright flowers upon their borders grow,
While to the trees life's food they're giving.
Here blooms the life-imparting tree,
  Whose fruit, just hid in silvery leaves,
  Makes man a spirit, and retrieves
His weakness and satiety.
The dews—from morning's vault that fall,
  Are honeyed manna on our tongue:
  Shall not his hallow'd praise be sung,
Whom nature sings—the source of all?

EVE.

O blest be He who blessings pours!
  Who fills the heart with tenderness,
  And with his richest gifts will bless—
He wondrous—whom our tongue adores.
A full, o'erflowing horn of good
  Upon our Eden he has shower'd,
  And peace and hope and joy embower'd
In its sweet silent solitude.

ADAM.

Yes! now I feel the charm divine,
  Yes! now I feel the bless, the pride,
  To press thee, dearest! to my side,
And join my early vows to thine.
A unity—in love cemented,
  Blest by thy presence—and by thee
  Gilded with smiles and purity,
May make my exiled soul contented.
O sister—daughter—fairest bride,
  What shall I call thee?—Paradise
  Has million flowers that smiling rise
To kiss thy feet well satisfied.

To whom his weary
Peace, tenderness, a
Sacred to cheerful
To Him, the Lor
Who blended thy fea

—

MAY-M

WHAT love, what w
On earth and sea
Where all that fades
Proclaim his maje

He o'er the world—
Still watches and s
And, kindly varying
The sweet yet swee

Now barren Winter fl
And Spring resumes
And earth casts down
And Joy laughs out

And Nature

'Tis May! that loveliest of the year,
  Who with fresh beauty glows;
The air is sweet, the sun beams clear,
  The wished-for zephyr blows.

At peaceful night the gentle dew
  Descends on field and wood,
While nature smiles serenely through,
  In silent gratitude.

The earth with varied flowers is dight,
  The bees with honey pass,
The larks chirp gaily and alight
  Upon the new-born grass.

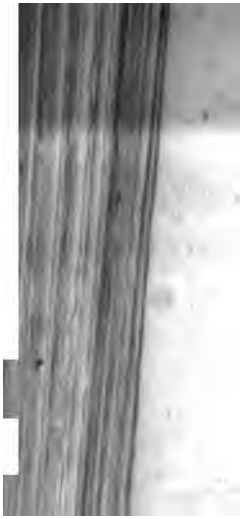
The bud its infant blossom yields,
  The tree its leaves displays,
While on the crimson clover fields
  The tranquil cattle graze.

The busy insect tribes are blest,
  And murmuring thoughts are still,
Save man's—whose bosom knows no rest—
  A slave to stubborn will.

Yes! man,—in whom few virtues glow,
  On guilty pleasures bent,
To others and himself a foe,—
  Destroys his own content.

To life—vain life, which quickly ends,
  As Autumn's withering leaf,
And of itself to sorrow tends,
  He adds ideal grief.

The ox is slaughter'd—slight the thrills
  That wait his parting breath;
But man, by self-inflicted ills,
  Dies many times ere death.



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THE GENIUS

WHAT is Death? 'T
No more to love, or
To join the great equa
All alike are humbl
The mighty gra
Wraps lord and
Nor pride nor poverty
Within that refuge-hou
Spirit with the drooping
And the ever-weeping
Thou of all earth's king
Empires at thy footst
Beneath thee stre
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon th
Storms shall never rouse

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
  Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
  Has for countless years roll'd on:
    Back from the tomb
    No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

REV. G. CROLY.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
The evening of the Sabbath day!
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
When I have tuned my vesper lay
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with heaven communion meet,
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the Eternal Mind
Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss;
Where should we then His presence find,
But in an hour so blest as this—
An hour of calm tranquility,
Silent, as, if to welcome Thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,
Descending from His seat divine,
May deign upon this earth to dwell—
Where shall He find a welcoming shrine,

A throne:—Con
Spirit of God! th
Hail Thee!—nor
Blinded by Thy l

Then turn my wa
To hold communii
And, purified tran
And earth's pollut
Thine image,—for
Is not Thy majesty

That love which ove
Shed on the worthle
Lighting the stars al
And walking beauty
And rolling in its gl
Beyond the farthest c

To him alike the livin
And the dull regions o
As watch'd, protected
Whose eye can see, wh
In the cold midnight's
Or the dark prison-ce

Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May 'shrine our names in Memory's light;
And the blest seeds we scatter'd, bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

BOWRING.

SPIRITUALITY.

' SAY, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth;
by what bright images shall be defin'd
'he mystic nature of th' eternal Mind!
'r how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
/here all that reason can—is to adore!
That God's an immaterial essence pure,
/hom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
ncapable of passions, impulse, fear,
n good pre-eminent, in truth severe:
Inmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
rom all the gross allay that tempers ours;
n whose clear eye the bright angelic train,
ppear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
npervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
eyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
r figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
'bject of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
ost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,

In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!
Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute),
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is æther, and whose substance *mind*;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes flow,
To Him their pow'rs and their existence owe;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth.
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce thro' infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.
Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,

The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires?
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

BOYSE.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

(From Lucifer.)

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
  Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity, or time,
  Or the vast round of viewless space:
Who on himself alone depends—
  Immortal—glorious—but unseen—
And in His mighty being blends
  What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not—all we know—
  Prime source and origin—a sea,
Whose waters pour'd on earth below
  Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
His power—love—wisdom, first exalted
  And waken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch—yon palace, vaulted—
  Yon heaven of heavens—to smile on earth,
From His resplendent majesty
  We shed us 'neath our sheltering wings;
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
  We praise the glorious King of kings,
With sight and sense confus'd and dim;
  O name—describe the Lord of lords,
The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him;—
  Or is the theme too vast for words?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain-head:
Forgive the praise—too mean and low—
Or from the living or the dead.

No tongue Thy peerless name hath spok
No space can hold that awful name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;—
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same!

Language is dumb—Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation,
And thou, O God! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell!
Who knows Thee—Thee the All-unknow
Can angels be thy oracle,
Who art—who art Thyself alone?
None—none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The splendour and the source of time—
The Eternal of eternity.
Thy light of light out-pour'd conveys
Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than e'en Thy mercy's rays;—
But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us—but meets Thee never:
Thy power is life's support and stay—
We praise Thee—sing Thee, Lord! for ever.
Holy—holy—holy! Praise—
Praise be His in every land;
Safety in His presence stays—
Sacred is His high command!

HYMN.

The Lord's Day Morning.

Again the Lord of life and light
  Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn
  And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapp'd
  The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
  Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
  And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
  And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join.
  To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
  To nations yet unborn. BARBAULD

AN EVENING SERVICE.

The cold wind strips the yellow leaf,
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us;
All nature wears her garb of grief,
While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men
Are to their beds of silence creeping;
The pale, cold moon looks out again
On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O! in an hour so still as this,
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
To meek devotion's holy feeling:

And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose han
Unroll'd the golden Lamp of heaven;
Mantled with beauty all the land;
Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes;
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light
Their beauty to the blushing roses:

Thou, Ruler of our destiny!
With million gifts hast Thou supplied u
Hidden from our view futurity,
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Tho' dark may be earth's vale, and dam
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene
Sweet tones from heaven are softly spen
Celestial music breathes between,
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade
Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadn
And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to f
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him
Who looks beyond in visions holy,
Than passion's fires, or splendour's dre
Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot;

Smiles from a conscience purified,
Far lovelier than the fleeting glory
Conferr'd in all a monarch's pride,
Embalm'd in all the light of story.

This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll—
And let them roll—our bark is driv'n
Safe to its harbour—and our soul
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

BOWRING.

ON THE END OF TIME.

Day came, and went"—a lovelier never dawn'd
Since that fair morn, that saw the infant world,
All spotless pure, from its Creator's hand.
From bower to bower, the voice of song was heard,
And the wing'd minstrels floating through the air,
Bore up to heaven's gate the voice of joy;
And when its close came on, it seem'd to say,
Earth still has many days; and the rich store,
That waves so plenteous in the Summer's breeze,
Shall hail the autumnal sweetness of the year.
But Autumn ne'er will come; the setting sun,
Sees from its western height the close of days—
Though the bright glow upon the verge of heav'n,
Gives promise of the morn;—Yes! brighter far
Than time was wont to bring.
Now o'er the face
Of heaven and earth, a solemn silence reigns.
The Moon rose red;—and rising from the north,
A vivid light, wax'd broad, and broader still,
And flash'd upon the sky, like that once seen
For many a night, above Jerus'lem's towers,
And round Judea's land. As it was then—
And in the days of Lot—so is it now:

when nature seem
Which morn woul
The dance, all thes
Crimes still went o
Ev'n in the face of
Though, every morn
Was [illegible]
Who [illegible]
[illegible]
Showed that he dyin
He tried, but tried in
Where oft, covering, o
His dire flight had be
Of the approaching mo
The conscious earth, w
Wine moaned on its n
Cracked to its very cen
His tormenting bark see
The [illegible] tempests
Not [illegible]
But most [illegible] every dream
A sound was heard [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

MORNING AND EVENING.

How beautiful is morn!
When daylight, newly born,
From the bright portals of the east is breaking;
While songs of joy resound
From countless warblers round,
To light and life from silent slumber waking.

The parting clouds unfold
Their edges ting'd with gold;
Bright is the summit of the lofty mountain;
The glist'ning tops of trees,
Touch'd by the rustling breeze,
Are bright and tuneful as the muses fountain.

As upward mounts the sun,
The valleys, one by one,
Ope their recesses to the living splendour;
The mighty ocean's breast
Heaves upward to be blest,
And bids its waves reflected light surrender.

Each humble flower lifts up
Its dewy bell or cup,
Smiling through tears that know no tinge of sad-
The insect tribes comes out, [ness;
And, fluttering all about,
Fill the fresh air with gentle sounds of gladness.

Oh! who can witness this,
Nor fill the throb of bliss
With which creation's ev'ry pulse seems beating!
Or who, 'mid such a store
Of rapture flowing o'er
The tribute of the heart forbear repeating?

Yet have I known an hour
Of more subduing power

Than this of beauty glowing—music gushing:—
An hour whose quiet calm
Diffus'd an holier balm,
Whose watch-word's "Peace, be still!" the inmost heart was hushing

It is the close of day,
When evening's hues array
The western sky in all their radiant lustre;
When round the setting sun,
His goal of glory won,
Resplendent clouds in silent beauty muster.

'Tis when day's parting light,
Dazzling no more the sight,
Its chastening glory to the eye is granting,
That "thoughts too deep for tears."
Unearthly hopes and fears,
And voiceless feelings in the heart are panting.

While thus the western sky
Delights the gazing eye,
With thrilling beauty, touching and endearing;—
What still of earth is fair
Borrows its beauty there,
Though every borrow'd charm is disappearing.

Ere yet those charms grow dim,
Creation's vesper hymn,
Grateful and lovely, is from earth ascending;
'Till, with that song of praise,
The hearts of those who gaze
With solemn feelings of delight are blending.

Then from those portals bright
A farewell gleam of light
Breaks with unearthly glory on the vision;
And through the folding doors
The eye of thought explores
Seraphic forms and phantasies elysian.

These pass like thought away!
Yet may their hallow'd sway
: on the heart,—as dew-drops round adorning
The drooping silent flowers,
Feed them through night's dark hours,
l keep them fresh and living till the morning.

Thus should the sunset hour,
With soul-absorbing power,
:se by its glories the immortal spirit;
And plume its wings for flight
To realms of cloudless light,
ions its God hath form'd it to inherit.

Fair, bright, and sweet is MORN!
When daylight, newly born,
ll its beauty is to sense appealing;
Yet Eve to me is fraught
With more *unearthly thought*,
d purer touches of *immortal feeling*!

BERNARD BARTON.

ISHES OBTAINED OFTEN MAKE MEN MISERABLE.

: warn'd, behold what danger marks the path
high-brow'd Opulence! Intemperance,
fruitful parent of Disease, behind
ds loose, and silent plants th' entangling snare.
when, to vengeance rous'd the Eternal dooms
ne wretch to misery extreme, he grants
fervent wish; he gives th' insatiate eye
rove transported o'er its golden store;
heart to swell like Xerxes', when he view'd
hosts that wrapt th' immeasurable plain,
d triumph'd in his pow'r. Thus fares the wretch
whirl'd by Passion, thro' life's dusty field

[illegible] wond'ring
His course; till like [illegible]
That secret riots on t[illegible]
Slow, but sure-wastir
Th' inevitable aim; a
Of hoary Time his si
O weak! thro' Pa[illegible]
[illegible]
By [illegible]
Of [illegible]
Dance to the melting [illegible]
Is happy?—Know, th[illegible]
The shad[illegible] substance
The mind within, wha[illegible]
th[illegible]
Of [illegible] what phantoms
Swim th[illegible]
[illegible]
That red in [illegible]; wh[illegible]
Preys on his pampered [illegible]
What dread of future m[illegible]
Of hor[illegible]
Where Memory prints h[illegible]
Wake thee to cry [illegible] W[illegible]

tun'd to perfect harmony.—Yet Peace
· dwell with Opulence; one happy mind
eye rejoicing in extended pow'r
vork for man; exulting as it views
nilling tribe around, snatch'd from the grasp
uthless want, and basking in the beam
oy, to transport kindling, and to love."
'is just—The noble mind by Fortune rais'd,
. warm'd by strong benevolence to spread
nappiness to all, displays to man
Maker's image. To a godlike few
v'n gives at once the virtue and the power;
plants not Opulence for these a snare,
: poverty escapes?—The wretch who dragg'd
aire relentless to the tomb—say rose
nelling passion in his rankled heart?
not his tortur'd breast the venom sting
ssen Impatience? Flam'd not to his eye
l, titles, honour; all the tinsel-show,
t on the sullen front of Avarice wakes
loomy smile, and bids his little thought
ive a gleam of joy? From these secure
e not untutor'd Indigence at ease?
steals unseen along the vale of Life,
a, peaceful, shelter'd from the stormy blast
t shakes Ambition's plume: that wrecks the
hope.
quiet of mankind?—What though to these
means are scanty?—O'er the roughen'd cheek
lth sheds her bloom; their sinews knit by toil,
ust and firm, support th' allotted weight
gradual loosed by long revolving years,
gn there charge, untainted by the seeds
turking Death, slow through the form diffus'd
n meals that Nature nauseates, from the cup
ere the wine laughs, and on the mantling cheek

Kindles a transient blush, but works disease,
And shades the temples with untimely snow.

OGILVIE.

THE SEASONS; A HYMN.

Oft have I seen the laughing Spring
Shed her rich blessings o'er the Earth,
While, born beneath her fragrant wing,
Sprung Beauty forth, and Love and *Mirth*.

But Spring soon fled, and Summer then
Her genial heats diffused around,
And Nature's wildest roughest glen
Was by her hand with verdure crowned.

Sweet Summer, too, alas! was doom'd
To quit the rich and smiling plain;
For while in fruitfulness she bloom'd,
Autumn began her glorious reign.

But Autumn's sun soon ceas'd to burn,
And clouds, which roll'd athwart the sky,
Declar'd that Winter and his urn
In viewless icy car was nigh.

When Winter came, the gorgeous sun
Turn'd pale, and seem'd to wait his doom,
And all that late so radiant shone,
Now sunk in Winter's joyless tomb.

Thus blooming is Life's early spring;
For Nature on each path hath shed
Her smiles, and Pleasure seeks to fling
Her garlands round each youthful head.

My spring has fled, and summer now
Rich o'er my youthful cheek doth breathe,

And soon to deck this gladsome brow,
Autumn her holiest sweets will wreathe.

Yet, ere dim Winter's gloomy birth,
Or Age destroy this cheek of bloom,
Oh! I may press my mother Earth,
And quit this vain world for the tomb.

Then, let me, Lord, at whose command,
Summer and Spring and Winter roll,
Praise, while I've life, th' Almighty hand
That spans the world from pole to pole.

At morning's light, Lord of all space,—
I'll praise Thee; and at close of even;
Then lend me, Lord, some ray of grace,
To light my trembling steps to Heav'n.

RICHARD RYAN.

PROVIDENCE.

s from some level country's shelter'd ground,
Vith towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Vhere the eye kept within the verdant maze,
at gets a transient vista as it strays;
he pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Vhence opens all the scene as he ascends;
o Providence the friendly heights supplies,
Vhere all the charms of Deity surprise;
Iere Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
nd dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!
Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
hat keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
he sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
ternal sheds his delegated light;
ends to his sister orb inferior day,
nd paints the silver moon's alternate ray:

Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave;
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were seen.
The dove pacific brought the olive green.
On Ararat the happy Patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctured bow
The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.
From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have been!*
" But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels
" The ague-fits her face so soft reveals? [breast?
" Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
" Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
" Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
" Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?"
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws;
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?
Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate,
To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell?

Or say, [illegible]
Nor [illegible]
Nor virtue [illegible]
Oft [illegible]
And [illegible]
Oft Providence, more
Arrests the hero in his
Directs the fever, poni
By which an Ammon,
Or, when the cursed E
For merit, bids the mo
On violence oft retorts
Or fetters cunning in i
Relieves the innocent, e
And lays the proud opp
But, fast as Time's s
Hastens the pomp of th
When to the view of all
God's high tribunal shal
When the loud trumpet
The dead, reviving at th
Where men and angels s
And millions yet unborn
Then shall [illegible]

hether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
r measure sparingly the daily bread;
hether or wealth or honors gild the scene,
r wants deform, or wasting anguish stain;
n thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
less'd in the care of thy approving eye!
now that thy providence, their constant friend,
hro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;
'ith everlasting arms their cause embrace,
nd crown the paths of piety with peace.

BOYSE.

HYMN.

Perfect happiness not earthly.

PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
  Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you, with a grateful mind,
  View a thousand blessings rise.

Thankful own what you enjoy;
  But a changing world, like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
  Cannot give you perfect bliss.

Perfect bliss resides above,
  Far above yon azure sky;
Bliss that merits all your love,
  Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.

When your bosom breathes a sigh,
  Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
  Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

ANNE STEELE.

TRANSLATION.

Pellegrino Gaudenzi.

BRIGHTEST of spirits! proudly thron'd on high,
'Midst the gold flames that flash from star and sun,
In the wide deserts of th' etherial sky—
Th' Incomprehensible, Almighty One!
Dart the pure radiance of Thy presence down
On this benighted vale;—to mortal eye
Display the splendours of thy majesty,
And open all the glories of thy throne.
Ages of old Thee recognised,—tho' seen
Dimly amidst thy works:—and man upraised
Temples and altars to Thy shadowed name.
A GOD, a Father *all* Thy works proclaim,
Who is, and shall be, and hath ever been,
Though veil'd in darkness, and in silence praised!

BOWRING.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM LXXIV. 16, 17.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou
" hast prepared the light and the sun.
"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou
" hast made summer and winter."

MY God! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to Thee belong!
Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,

Can more than day's enliv'ning bloom
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.
  In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by Thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise, and love.
As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain!
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise,
And be that joy what most we prize
The joys that from thy favour rise!

MISS WILLIAMS.

HYMN.

In the dust I'm doom'd to sleep,
But shall not sleep for ever;
Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage—never.
Years in rapid course shall roll,
By time's chariot driven,
And my re-awaken'd soul
Wing its flight to heaven.

What tho' o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending?

Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom.
Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal;—
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

BOWRING.

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

Dull Atheist! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmoniz'd a world?

Why do not Arabe's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?

Presumptuous wretch, thyself survey,
That lesser fabric scan;
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,
The god, the reptile man?

Where wast thou when this pop'lous earth
From chaos burst its way?
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speck of life
The miniature of man,
Nurs'd in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began.

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof?
Or mould the sentient brain?

Thy fingers stretch the living nerve?
  Or fill the purple vein ?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
  Its endless toil begin?
Or clothe in flesh the hard'ning bone
  Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe, to catch the breeze,
  Expand its panting breast;
Add with impatient hands, untaught,
  The milky rill arrest.

Or who, with unextinguish'd love,
  The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life
  To bear it in her arms.

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts!
  A God! the heav'ns reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
  And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man!—With beauty clad,
  And health in ev'ry vein;
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
  Stepp'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wand'ring eyes,
  All Nature's works surveys!
Admires the earth; the skies, himself!
  And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales! ye meads and woods,
  Bright sun, and glitt'ring stars,
Fair creatures, tell me, if you can,
  From whence and what I am?

What parent power, all great and good,
  Do these around me own;

Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast Unknown!

DARWIN.

THE FERTILITY OF THE EARTH DEPENDS ON THE CREATOR.

AUTHOR of being! life-sustaining king!
Lo! Want's dependent eye from thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores;
Give to her prayers the renovating spring,
And summer's heats all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which autumn from a thousand shores
Selecteth provident! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain;
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swart reaper grasp the golden grain!
Without thy blessing, all is blank and drear;
With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

WORDSWORTH.

HYMN.

Jesus Teaching the People.

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come wanderers, to my Father's home,
"Come, all ye weary ones and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher,—we will come—
Obey thee,—love thee and be blest!

Decay then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

THE CREATION FINISHED AND SURVEYED.

Here finished he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all is entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd by acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air,
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The heavens and all the constellations rang,
The planets in their stations listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant,
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sang,
Open, ye heav'ns, your everlasting doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world.

MILTON

THE ROSE.

The Rose of the summer is gone,
The fairest and loveliest one,
Of mortals an emblem how true!
  While the leaves yet are lying
All under the tree where it grew,
  As if sweetest in dying,
Their odour would waft not away
With the sigh that is breathed in decay.

Alas, if the brightest of eye
And the warmest of heart are to die,
If all we love truest and best,
  Whom in absence we cherish,
Shall go to the home of their rest:
  Like those roses that perish,
Their memory will cast a perfume
O'er the silence and night of the tomb.

Lamented through many a long year,
If time e'er can hallow the tear
That fond recollection will give
  For those we adore so,
Shall their virtue direct us to live,
  And cease to deplore so;
For they know neither sorrow nor pain
In the land where we soon meet again.

W. I.

THE FUNERAL.

But see! the well plum'd *hearse* comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.

How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-
ments
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye *undertakers*, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discretely into shades.

BLAIR.

HYMN.

When Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heav'n,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar giv'n;

Simeon the just and the devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain.

Come, Heav'n directed, at the hour
When Mary held her Son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd,

While fondly in his wither'd arms
  He clasp'd the promis'd Child.

And then he lifted up to Heav'n
  An earnest asking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
  Lord, let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
  Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
  Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
  Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
  Breaks on those eyes of mine!

LOGAN.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

When the bark by a gentle breath is driven,
And the bright sun dances in the heaven
Up and down, as the rocking boat
Upon the ridgy waves doth float—
And the fresh sea sprinkles the sloping deck,
And nought is seen but some snowy speck
On the distant verge—and the sky above,
And the waters around—'tis sweet to move
Gladly from one to another strand,
Guided by some invisible hand.
Gladly, aye! for him who leaves
No friend behind, who dreams, and grieves,
And dreads that every breezy breath
Is the winged charioteer of death.
  Ah! that love is a fearful thing;
It hovers round on a vampire's wing;

Darkness is its abode—it dwells
In caverns and spectre-peopled cells;
'Tis wont to play with phantoms dread,
And wreaths the aconite round its head:
The desert and the grove it seeks,
And clouds are on its splendent cheeks;
And it sits in storms,—and builds its throne
In terror's dark pavilion;
And its bright and spirit-piercing eyes
Are shrouded in thick anxieties.
  Onwards! onwards!—lo, we sweep
The heaving bosom of the deep,—
Freshens the wind!—how gay to ride
On the pinions of the eternal tide,
And to live, as it were, in life's excess,
'Midst the wild waters' frowardness!
It is as if life's currents too,
Driven by an impulse strange and new,
Roll'd with a swifter course,—partaking
Of the eager spirit round us waking.
  But soon, too soon, the busy sea
Is still'd to us—reality
Waves over us her leaden wand:
We tread the dull and changeless land!
Our bark conducts us to the shore,
And the fresh breeze impels no more;
For us repose the joyous waves—
And we all slumber in our graves.
  Thou Steerer of the Storm! who guidest
Our little vessel,—who dividest
The waves around us,—who hast spread
Heaven's canopy above our head,
And scatter'd thro' it gales of love,
To waft us to our port above:
Thou! whose omnipotent voice can still
The mighty ocean as the rill;

Thou! subject vast of praise and wonder,
Who in the breeze and in the thunder
Art heard alike—to Thee, O Friend!
O Father! I my lot commend.
And be it Thine, All-wise! as now,
A favouring passage to bestow
Through life's dark ocean—till the tomb
Receives us in its mighty womb,
Where we shall slumber till the day,
Of days the greatest, sends its ray
Into the gloom sepulchral—then
Shall the raised spirit live again,
And enter on a course which never
Can be disturbed by vain endeavour,
Nor check'd by storms or bellows dreary,—
Nor hearts despond—nor hopes be weary.

BOWRING.

HYMN.

Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threat'ning stands
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands of ten thousand slain

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;

Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell.
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd, since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat
And the scene, where his melody charm'd me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasure of man;

Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

COWPER.

HYMN.

I HAVE seen the morning vapour
Scatter'd by the eye of day;
I have seen the evening taper
Shine, and glimmer, and decay;
And bethought me, as I stood,
These are man's similitude.

Man is like a vapour flying
With the twilight o'er the dell;
Man is like a pale lamp dying
In its solitary cell—
Light and shade—and ill and good—
Such is man's vicissitude.

Man is like a vapour, blending
With the dew of morning's breath;
Man is like a pale lamp tending
To its melancholy death:
Neither spared by whirlwinds rude—
Such is man's similitude.

BOWRING.

PSALM XXIX.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful King;
His boundless power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark! his voice with unresisted sway,
Rules and controls the raging of the sea;

Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a shade.
See! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
And fly for shelter from the thundering God:
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
With all his Savages the desert shakes.
At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
And in the lonely forest drop their young,
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name,
High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey:
He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his power
Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless
And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

PITT.

STANZAS.

How happy is he born, or taught,
  That serveth not another's will!
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are;
  Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world, with care
  Of *public fame* or *private breath;*

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Nor vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are given—by praise;
  Nor rules of *state*,—but rules of *good*;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat
Whose state can neither flatterers feed
  Nor, ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth, late and early, pray,
  More of his *grace* than *gifts* to lend;
And entertains the harmless day,
  With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

PSALM VI.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
With pitying eye my weakness view,
Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew;
And O, if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.
Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
The records of thy pow'r display,
Or Pale Corruption's startled ear,
Thy praise within its prison hear?
By langour, grief, and care oppress,
With groans perpetual heaves my breast,

And tears, in large profusion shed,
Incessant lave my sleepless bed.
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year,
(While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hostile storms invade my soul.)
Relentless from my cheek the trace
Of youth and blooming health erase,
And spread before my wasting sight
The shades of all-obscuring night.
Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With shame their vain attempts forego,
And, struck with horror from on high,
In wild disorder backward fly.

MERRICK.

AN ASPIRATION.

If 'twere but to retire from woe,
To undisturb'd, eternal rest—
How passing sweet to sleep below,
On nature's fair and flow'ry breast!

But when faith's finger points on high,
From death's decaying, dismal cell;
O, 'tis a privilege to die—
To dream of bliss ineffable!

In balmy sleep our eyes to close,
When life's last sunshine gilds our even;
And then to wake from long repose,
When dawns the glorious day of heaven!

BOWRING.

FAITH ENFORCED BY OUR REASON.

NATURE is dumb on this important point:
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes:
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even adders hear,
But turn and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the bridge of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace:
'Tis Faith disarms destruction; and absolves
From ev'ry clamorous charge the guiltless tomb
Why shouldst thou disbelieve?—"'tis Reason
"All sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still; [bid
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame.
Reason! my heart is thine: Deep in its folds.
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
My reason rebaptis'd me, when adult;
Weigh'd true and false in her impartial scale;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
Reason pursued is faith: and unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more;
And such our proof, that, or our faith is right.
Or Reason lies, and Heaven design'd it wrong:
Absolve we this? What then is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,
The mother honoured, as the daughter dear:
Reason the root, fair Faith is but the flow'r:
The fading flow'r shall die; but Reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
Wrong not the Christian, think not Reason yours:
'Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis Reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents.
Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;

believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' Reason's wounds alone, thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terrors gives to Death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

YOUNG.

THE VIIIth PSALM TRANSLATED.

O King eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd.

Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care?

Next to the blest Angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd
To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign;
The flocks that thro' the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king at awful distance dread,
And sullenly obey.

O Lord! how far extends thy name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim;
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

ON SLAVERY.

Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame;
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
To quit the forest and invade the fold:
So may the ruffian, who, with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side;
Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,
He found it inconvenient to be poor.

Has God then given its sweetness to the cane,
Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain?
Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,
Unless his right to rule it be dismiss'd?
Impudent blasphemy! So Folly pleads,
And, Av'rice being judge, with ease succeeds.
But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,
That man make man his prey, because he *must;*
Still there is room for pity to abate,
And sooth the sorrows of so sad a state.
A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,
The Scripture plac'd within his reach, he ought,
That souls have no discriminating hue,
Alike important in their Maker's view;
That none are free from blemish since the fall,
And Love divine has paid the price for all.
The wretch, that works and weeps without relief,
Has one that notices his silent grief.
He, from whose hands alone all pow'r proceeds,
Ranks its abuse amongst the foulest deeds,
Considers *all* injustice with a frown;
But *marks* the man who treads his fellow down.
Begone—the whip and bell in that hard hand
Are hateful engines of usurp'd command.
Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim
To scourge him, weariness his only blame.
Remember Heav'n has an avenging rod:
To smite the poor is treason against God.

COWPER.

HYMN.

The glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then from human praise
Must thy perfections be!

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature every where around
Displays thy excellence!

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the East its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No; rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising Thee!

MRS. BO

JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA, AND CALMS TI STORM.

Loud blew the storm of night; the threatening
Dashed, boiling on the labouring bark: Dim

From face to face reflected, spread around:—
When, lo! upon a towering wave is seen
The semblance of a foamy wreath, upright,
Move onward to the ship: The helmsman starts,
And quits his hold; the voyagers, appalled,
Shrink from the fancied Spirit of the Flood:
But when the voice of JESUS, with the storm
Soft mingled, *It is I, be not afraid*,
Fear fled, and joy lightened from eye to eye.
Up he ascends, and, from the rolling side,
Surveys the tumult of the sea and sky
With transient look severe: The tempest, awed,
Sinks to a sudden calm; the clouds disperse;
The moon-beam trembles *on the face divine*,
Reflected mildly in the unruffled deep.

GRAHAME.

HYMN.

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers, gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

"Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
"Feels all another's pain:
"To whom the supplicating eye
"Was never rais'd in vain.

"Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
"A stranger's woes to feel;
"And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
"He wants the pow'r to heal.

" He spreads his kind supporting arms
" To ev'ry child of grief;
" His secret bounty largely flows,
" And brings unask'd relief.

" To gentle offices of love
" His feet are never slow;
" He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
" A brother in a foe.

" Peace from the bosom of his God,
" My peace to him I give!
" And when he kneels before the throne,
" His trembling soul shall live.

" To him protection shall be shown,
" And mercy from above
" Descend on those who thus fulfil
" The perfect law of love."

MRS. BARBAULD.

LIFE COMPARED TO THE SUN DIAL.

That solar shadow, as it measures life,
It life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still:
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger, gnomons, time;
As these are useless when the sun is set;
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard:
But all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself: fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. So gentle life's descent,

Ve shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:
Ve take fair days in winter, for the spring:
Ve turn our blessings into bane; since oft
Ian must compute that age he cannot feel:
Ie scarce believes he's older for his years
'hus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
'ne disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
'he disappointment of a promis'd hour. YOUNG.

ODE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF FLORENTIUS VOLUSENUS,[a] SCOTUS, IN HIS DIALOGUE "DE ANIMI TRANQUILLITATE."

WHY do I, O most gracious God!
So heavily complain?
And at thy providence most just,
Why do I thus repine?

Since by reflecting I perceive,
And certainly do know,
That I' my wretched self alone,
Am cause of all my woe.

Who wittingly do strive in vain,
From darkness light to bring;
And life and solid joys expect
Under Death's awful reign.

As bitter wormwood never doth
Delicious honey yield,
Nor can the cheerful grape be reap'd
From thistles in the field;

So who, in this uncertain life,
Deceitful joys pursue,

[a] Florentius Volusenus was Florence Wilson, a scholar whose attainments have been commemorated by Buchanan and Sadolet. See Irving's Scottish Poets.

They fruits do seek upon such tre
On which it never grew.

That fading beauty men admire,
Of person, and of face;
That splendour of rich ornament,
Which stately buildings grace;

That train of noble ancestors,
Which gives illustrious birth,
Wealth, luxury; then add to these
All the delights on earth:

Yea, whatsoever object doth
Invite our wandering sight,
And whatsoe'er our touch doth feel
With pleasure and delight,

They all, like despicable dust
And atoms fly away;
And are mere dreams of the short night
Which we have here to stay.

That which is past is nothing sure,
And what of joy to come
Impatiently we want; when got,
Is quickly past and gone:

And when 'tis past, like other things,
It nothing will be thought;
Should then that dream which nothing is
So anxiously be sought?

Go now, go fool, to catch the wind!
Prepare thy nets to bind;
Which thing no man but he that's mad
Did ever yet pretend.

See if thou canst thy shadow grasp,
Which no man yet could find;

It flies the more, the more that thou
  To follow art inclined.

That which will leave thee 'gainst thy will
  Thou freely shouldst forsake;
And wisely choose those better things
  Which none from thee can take.

What comfort can that mortal have
  Who earth's whole wealth ingrost,
If, after this short span of life,
  His soul's for ever lost?

With how much wiser conduct he
  His course of life doth steer,
Who by his pious endeavours
  Of doing good whilst here;

And by an holy, humble life,
  When he shall hence remove,
Secures a passage for himself
  Into the heavens above.

Meanwhile, wouldst thou a small taste have
  Of real happiness?
And whilst thou on this earth doth dwell,
  Some pleasant days possess?

Lay down all fears and anxious cares;
  To things within thy power
Confine thy wish: and make thy will
  Strict reason's laws endure.

If thou affection do transgress,
  The bounds by reason placed,
In noise and trouble thou shalt live,
  Both wretched and disgraced.

If thou wouldst perfect peace enjoy,
  Thy heart see thou apply

To know Christ, and him crucified;
  This is the only way.

How happy is that man, who doth
  This blessed peace attain!
He all the joys on earth, besides,
  Will know to be but vain.

He doth not set his heart on wealth,
  The care of wordly men,
But strives to do that which is good,
  And heav'ns reward to gain.

He flies the fond delights which we
  So ardently affect;
Shuns them as crosses, and as things
  Which contemplations check.

What we for greatest blessings take,
  He wholly doth disdain;
And counts all things but loss and dung,
  That Christ's love he might gain.

What other men do grievous think,
  He calmly can endure;
He knows none truly can rejoice,
  Whose right in Christ's not sure.

He on the cross of Christ alone
  His wondering thoughts employs,
Where in his death he hidden sees
  Life and eternal joys.

Thus he can honey from the rocks,
  And oil draw from hard stones;
A gift to few, and seldom given
  By Heaven, amongst men's sons.

'Tis he alone long life deserves,
  And his years sweetly pass,

Who holds that treasure in his breast
  Whose worth doth all surpass.

What can he want of outward things,
  Who hath this pearl of price,
Which we should buy at any rate,
  And all things else despise?

Wo's me! how much do other men
  In seas of trouble live,
Whose ruin oft and endless cares,
  Ev'n things they wish do give!

'Tis he alone in earnest can
  Wish for his dying day,
All mankind's terror; yea, with tears
  Expostulate its stay.

O! would to God my soul just now
  Were raised to such a frame,
As freely to part hence, which soon
  Must be, though I reclaim.

This present flies, another life
  Is swiftly hasting on,
The way that leads to which is through
  The cross of Christ alone.

How canst thou, without grief and tears,
  Think on these impious wounds
Which thou didst cause, through which to thee
  Salvation free rebounds?

Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and gives
  Thyself to soft delight,
With what assurance canst thou crave
  What is the labourer's right?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,
  At least let him not see

Thee much unlike himself, with whom
  Thou wouldst partaker be.

That which resembles most the sun
  We truly may call bright;
And what is most like to the snow,
  Will whitest be to sight.

These things are sweet which in their taste
  With honey may compare,
And these are swift which can contend
  With the light flying air;

So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,
  More perfect thou'rt indeed;
For, of all true perfection, he
  Both pattern is, and head.

Who are persuaded of this truth,
  When sore afflictions grieve,
This comfort have, that, ev'n in this,
  They more like Christ do live.

Men of this stamp are very scarce,
  Whose virtue doth them bear
Above the vulgar; for what's great,
  Difficult is, and rare.

But we to mind salvation's work
  Will never be advised;
And that all things are vanity,
  Till death hath us surprised:

Then to reflect we first begin,
  And our past lives abhor,
And all these empty joys which we
  So much admired before.

Then under terrors we would fly
  To Christ, the only rock

Of life; whom in prosperity
  We never did invoke.

The fear which can no merit have
  Drives us t' implore his grace;
So great his mercy, that in vain
  We ne'er shall seek his face.

But yet we ought without delay
  Examine our estate;
And saving interest get in Christ,
  Far better soon than late.

If any other way we seek
  Our passions to oppose,
Or get tranquility of mind,
  We time and labour lose.

BLAIR.

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a Deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave.
  Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Immortal! was but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!
O vain, vain, vain! all else: eternity!
A glorious, and a needful refuge that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
Eternity depending covers all;
Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;
Blends her distinction; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles.
Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize,
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.
Doubt you this truth? why labors your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Was seen at once, her tow'ring alps would sink.
And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallowed in eternity's vast round.
To that stupendous view when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

YOUNG.

HYMN.

For Easter Sunday.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
  Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
  And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
  The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
  Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
  And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
  And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
  To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
  To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
  With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying God,
  To save the souls he lov'd.

The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
  To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
  With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
  The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
  On ought so much divine.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
  Ascend the lofty skies;

While broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,
  Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
  And Lord of all below,
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
  And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man
  A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
  With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
  Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd, like thee to die,
  With thee that I may live.

BARBAULD.

FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

LEARN hence what honors due to those who push
Our antidote aside; those friends to reason,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.
Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,
And vilily'd at once; of reason dead,
Then deified, as monarchs were of old.
While love of truth thro' all their camp resounds
They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,
And then exulting in their taper; cry,
"Behold the sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
  Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love;
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.

. Christian is the highest style of man.
.nd is there, who the blessed cross wipes off
.s a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?
f angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
he wretch they quit desponding of their charge,
fore struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

YOUNG.

HYMN

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!
  Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
  With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;
  To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;—
  That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
  Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
  Because conferr'd by thee.

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
  In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
  Or seek relief in pray'r.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
  Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
  My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
  The low'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
  That heart will rest on thee!

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

Suffer that little children come to me,
Forbid them not. Emboldened by his words,
The mothers onward press; but, finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To stranger's hands: The innocents, alarm'd
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of JESUS, beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cow'ring, lay their heads upon his breast.

GRAHAME.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT
IN A THUNDER STORM.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
  To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
  That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
  The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
  As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
  The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all gracious Pow'r
  That breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
  By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
  Is universal good:

With like beneficent effect
  O'er flaming ether glows,

As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
  Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
  That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
  My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
  Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
  Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
  The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
  And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd, mayst thou the final storm
  Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
  Of everlasting day!

CARTER.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
    Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
    Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful, guest,
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;

And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears Sensibility away;
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of the
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banished far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know,
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still, it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied, pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If, doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch, that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or depress,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike, the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd—and forgot its pow'r to save—
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught thy holy tear to flow.

It comes: It fills my labouring breast,
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair;
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in you unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!

Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

LANGHORNE.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light
And all the spangled host kept watch in squadrons
bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards hast with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

MILTON.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD INEXPRESSIBLE.

"O WHAT a root! O what a branch is here!
O what a father! what a family!
Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
Great Vine! on thee: on thee the cluster hangs;
The filial cluster! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems,
Set in one signet, flames on the right-hand
Of majesty divine; the blazing seal,
That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
Indelible, his sovereign attributes
Omnipotence and love. nor stop we here,
For want of power in God, but thought in man.
If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee;
And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

YOUNG.

THE PULPIT THE ENGINE OF REFORMATION.

THE pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch the holy thing)—
The Pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say the Pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd while the world shall stand
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete,
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own; and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

COWPER.

THE PETIT-MAITRE CLERGYMAN.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves,
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyship's, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world
To make God's work a sinecure: a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patrons pride—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

COWPER.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night;
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He, who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,
High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied;
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day; but, O! ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart. MILTON.

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

PHARAOH, upon a gorgeous throne of state
Was seated; while around him stood submiss
His servants, watchful of his lofty looks.
The Patriarch enters, leaning on the arm
Of Benjamin. Unmoved by all the glare
Of royalty, he scarcely throws a glance
Upon the pageant show; for from his youth
A shepherd's life he led, and viewed each night
The starry host; and still where'er he went
He felt himself in presence of the Lord.
His eye is bent on Joseph, him pursues.
Sudden the king descends; and, bending, kneels
Before the aged man, and supplicates
A blessing from his lips: the aged man
Lays on the ground his staff, and, stretching forth
His tremulous hand o'er Pharoah's uncrowned head,
Prays that the Lord would bless him and his land.

GRAHAME

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
  Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage,
  Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
  Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
  Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
  Our wand'ring footsteps guide,
Give us by day our daily bread,
  And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
  Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our fathers lov'd abode
  Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of pray'r
  Thy mercy we implore;
[illegible] n with the grateful voice of praise
  [illegible] y goodness we'll adore.

LOGAN.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

[illegible]om conquest Jephtha came, with faltering step,
[illegible]nd troubled eye: His home appears in view;
[illegible]e trembles at the sight. Sad he forebodes,—
[illegible]is vow will meet a victim in his child:
[illegible]or well he knows, that, from her earliest years,
[illegible]e still was first to meet his homeward steps:
[illegible]ell he remembers, how, with tottering gait,
[illegible]eran, and clasped his knees, and lisped, and looked
[illegible]r joy; and how, when garlanding with flowers

Upon the ear? I
He loved to hear
Sung by the patr
Hope from the o
It may not be he
'Twas not his dau
Blent with the tin
She foremost glid
Moveless he stand
With hostile gore,
And clasps, in ago
" Alas my daughte
The timbrel at her

O Jehovah our Lo
And glorious is t
So as above the hea
Out of the tender

Out of the mouths
Hast founded stre
To stint the enemy.

Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him
crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

MILTON.

INATTENTION TO THE VOICE OF DEATH.

What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd;
We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves, in that just mirror, see!
Absurd Longevity! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind!
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
Shall folly labor hard to mend the bow,
While nature is relaxing ev'ry string?
Ask thought for joy; grow rich and hoard within.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,

Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn even now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter:
Divine or none, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of age, the glory is to wish to die.
That wish is praise and promise; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority to faults of youth,
How shocking! it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest; die in port.
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgement, and the will subdue:
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If unconsidered, too, a dreadful scene!

YOUNG.

"EVERY GOOD AND EVERY PERFECT GIFT COMETH FROM ABOVE."

Is adverse Providence, when ponder'd well,
So dimly writ, or difficult to spell,
Thou canst not read with readiness and ease
Providence adverse in events like these?
Know then that heav'nly wisdom on this ball
Creator, gives birth to, guides, consummates all.

That, while laborious and quick-thoughted man
Snuffs up the praise of what he seems to plan,
He first conceives, then perfects his design,
As a mere instrument in hands divine:
Blind to the workings of that secret pow'r,
That balances the wings of ev'ry hour,
The busy trifler dreams himself alone,
Frames many a purpose, and God works his own,
States thrive and wither as moons wax and wane,
E'en as his will and his decrees ordain;
While honour, virtue, piety, bear sway,
They flourish; and as these decline, decay;
In just resentment of his injur'd laws,
He pours contempt on them and on their cause;
Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart
The web of ev'ry scheme they have at heart;
Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust
The pillars of support, in which they trust,
And do his errand of disgrace and shame
On the chief strength and glory of the frame.
None ever yet impeded what he wrought
None bars him out from his most secret thought:
Darkness itself before his eye is light,
And Hell's close mischief naked in his sight.

COWPER.

GREATNESS OF THE REDEMPTION.

And what is this?—Survey the wond'rous cure;
And, at each step, let higher wonder rise!
" Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
" Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
" A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
" With blood divine of him I made my foe;
" *Persisted to* provoke! tho' woo'd and aw'd,
" *Bless'd, and* chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!

" A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
" My species up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies."
Bound every heart! and every bosom burn!
Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies:
Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
Of man, or angel: Oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
More fragrant than Arabia sacrific'd;
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

YOUNG.

ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame! or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by the sacred dictates taught,
Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
This wide expanded All from pole to pole! [whole,
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee,
Or fix the æra of Eternity?
Should we, deceived by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That Nothing rais'd this beauteous All below!
When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,

When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could Nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
" Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!
From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all-created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!

And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless fl
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break!
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

WINTER.

See, how rude Winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the grou
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

My soul a sharper winter mourns
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

Jesus, my glorious sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skie
And Let me feel thy vital love!

Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.

He, by whose all-commanding word *
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

NEWTON.

SPRING.

PLEASING spring again is here;
Trees and fields in bloom appear:
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!
Where, in winter, all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow,
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

What a change has taken place!
Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul, in winter, mourns
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again;
Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
And each grace springs forth afresh.

Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see;
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song!
Winter threaten'd to destroy
Faith and love, and every joy;
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield the fruit.

Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice;

* Gen. viii. 22.

O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past!
On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seem'd dead before.

Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come;
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where 'tis spring throughout the year:
How unlike this state below!
There the flowers unwith'ring blow;
There no chilling blasts anoy;
All is love, and bloom, and joy. NEWTON.

SUMMER STORMS.

Though the morn may be serene,
And not a threat'ning cloud be seen,
Who can undertake to say
'Twill be pleasant all the day?
Tempests suddenly may rise,
Darkness overspread the skies,
Lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
Ere a short-liv'd day be o'er.

Often thus the child of grace
Enters on his Christian race;
Guilt and fear are overborne,
'Tis with him a summer's morn:
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things seem to smile around;
And he hopes it will be fair,
All the day, and all the year.

Should we warn him of a change
He would think the caution strange;

He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring storm appears;
Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
Till temptation's power he feel;
Then he trembles and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.

But the wonder-working Lord
Sooths the tempest by his word;
Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And his sun breaks forth again:
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns;
Oft his sky is overcast,
Ere the day of life be past.

Tried believers too can say,
In the course of one short day,
Though the morning has been fair,
Prov'd a golden hour of prayer,
Sin and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight:
Ah! what heart-felt peace and joy
Unexpected storms destroy!

Dearest Saviour, call us soon
To thy high eternal noon;
Never there shall tempest rise,
To conceal Thee from our eyes:
Satan shall no more deceive,
We no more Thy spirit grieve;
But, through cloudless endless days,
Sound, to golden harps, thy praise. NEWTON.

HAY TIME.

The grass and flowers which clothe the field,
And look so green and gay,

Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
  And fall, and fade away.

Fit emblem of our mortal state!
  Thus, in the Scripture glass,
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
  May see themselves but grass.*

Ah! trust not to your fleeting breath,
  Nor call your time your own;
Around you see the scythe of death
  Is mowing thousands down.

And you, who hitherto are spar'd,
  Must shortly yield your lives;
Your wisdom is to be prepar'd
  Before the stroke arrives.

The grass, when dead, revives no more;
  You die to live again;
But oh! if death should prove the door
  To everlasting pain!

Lord, help us to obey the call,
  That from our sins set free,
When, like the grass, our bodies fall,
  Our souls may spring to thee.

NEWTON.

HARVEST.

See! the corn again in ear!
How the fields and valleys smile!
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil.
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food:

* Isaiah xl. 7.

In thy mercy is our hope;
We have sinn'd but thou art good.

While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the stalk,
May I not instruction gain
Helpful to my daily walk?
All this plenty of the field
Was produc'd from foreign seeds;
For the earth itself would yield
Only crops of useless weeds.

Though when newly sown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground,
(Some might think it thrown away)
Now a large increase is found;
Though conceal'd, it was not lost,
Though it died, it lives again;
Eastern storms, and nipping frosts,
Have opposed its growth in vain.

Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours!
He, in season, still affords
Kindly heat, and gentle showers:
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

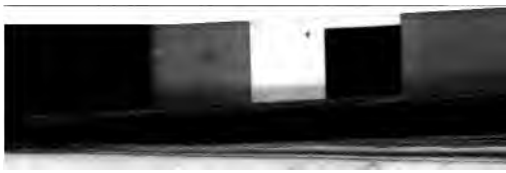
Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy;*
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy:
Threaten'd oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past,

* Mosea xiv. 7. Mark iv. 26—29.

Death, the reaper when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last. NEWTON.

THE SORROWS OF THE POOR.

WHAT anxious cares the poor man's bosom vex,
In dreams torment him, and by day perplex!
The poor, I mean, whose prosperous noon is past;
Whose adverse night draws on with winged haste:
What various schemes his busy thoughts devise
To ward off Want, and silence Nature's cries!
How small the pittance yesterday supply'd!
To-day a smaller pittance is deny'd;
He hopes to-morrow will more lib'ral be,
But proves the greatest niggard of the three.
Lest anxious thoughts, his mind would discompose,
Were none the partners of his daily woes;
Had he been doom'd to bear the load alone,
This mournful verse the world had never known;
The wretch dejected had in secret sigh'd
Beneath his burden, and in secret died:
But tender pledges of connubial love
Partake his wants, and all his pity move:
Their mother's joy—their mother now no more,
To see—to feel—their sorrows and deplore—
Turn from this scene, my soul, awhile, and sigh,
And lift to heaven the hand—the heart—the eye!
Then to this scene, blest shade! I'll turn again,
And solemnize thy death in plaintive strain.
Father of mercies! whose indulgent ear
Is always open to an humble prayer!
Whose pity sees, whene'er thy creatures grieve;
Whose bounteous hands their indigence relieve!
O! for His sake, whose lips, with grace replete,
Successful plead before thy mercy-seat;
Pour down thy blessings on the sons of need,
Who at thy throne for blessings intercede!



Their fears remove, their pressing wants supply,
And guide their feet thro' life with watchful eye,
To their sad hearts restore departed joy,
So shall thy praise their grateful tongues employ.

NOYES.

THE DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

WHERE shall I find him? angels, tell me where!
You know him; he is near you: point him out;
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, shed
Protection, now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on To-morrow!
Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly.
If not by guilt, they wound as by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave:
All feeling of futurity benumb'd!
All relish of realities expir'd:
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world:
The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,
Tho' we from earth; ethereal, they that fall.
Such veneration due, O man, to man!

YOUNG.

GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;

Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads, and amaranthine bowers,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!
  Tho' all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.
  This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When pleas'd the eye thy matchless works review'd,
And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!
  Nor only does in heav'n thy Goodness shine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam.
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.
  See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care:
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly thro' the forest walks they roar,

From thee, almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint, thou smil'st, and they
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores, [revive!
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air:
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness like the sun, enlightens all!
Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these thro' ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!
But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the *glad* message to the shepherds giv'n,
Good will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n!

Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And nail to earth the Saviour and the God!
  Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan!
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)
View him descend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor.
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side,
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan!
  Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and, if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son!
  O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!

from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious
ead,
to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
ıt exalted height of bliss supreme,
vn on those who bear thy sacred name;
heir ways, inspire them by thy grace,
ı to follow, and thy steps to trace;
ht example to thy doctrine join,
heir morals prove their faith divine!
ıly to thy church confine thy ray,
glad world thy healing light display;
of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
r the mists that cloud the mental skies!
ı's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
h as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
ls the ambient air, or falling dews;
e the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
all expire, and sin defile no more!

BOYSE.

PSALM IV.

WER me when I call,
of my righteousness;
traits and in distress,
u didst me disenthrall
set at large; now spare,
ity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
ıt ones, how long will ye
glory have in scorn?
r long be thus boreborn
to love vanity?
ove, to seek, to prize,
false and vain, and nothing else but lies
know, the Lord hath chose,

Will hear my voice
Be awed, and do
Speak to your he
Upon your beds,
And be at peace
Offer the offering
Of Righteousness,
May there be tha
Who yet will sho
Talking like this
But, Lord, thus l
On us lift up the
Lift up the favour of
Into my heart mo
And gladness thou
Than when a year
Their stores doth
And from their pl
With vast increase th
In peace at once w
Both lay me down
For thou alone dost
Me safe where'er I

That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer,
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death.
Death, most our dread, death thus more dreadful made.
O what a ridicule of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; take off our chariot wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain
It makes us wander, wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement:
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink.
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

YOUNG.

SOLID JOYS.

I QUIT the world's fantastic joys,
Her honours are but idle toys,
  Her bliss an empty shade;
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
That glitter for a while, and die,
  Her glories flash, and fade.

Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,

'Tis all too mean for me;
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold aspiring wishes rise,
My God, to heaven, and thee!

O source of glory, life, and love!
When to thy courts I mount above,
On contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.

Thy beauties, rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With raptures fill my breast:
Though rob'd of all my wordly store,
With thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze
Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
The spotless justice of th' Almighty King!
As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
So these the dictates which the Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heaven attest!

When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the
He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands that strict atonement should be ma
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!
But Doubt demands—" Why man dis
" this way?
" Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray
" If Heaven that made him did the fault for
" Thence follows, Heaven is more to blame
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had virtue been assign
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from i
O wond'rous scheme, to mend th' almighty
By sinking all the dignity of man!
Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy p
And view thy happiness and choice allied;
See virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unbless'd:
And, say, were yet no farther marks assign'
Is man ungrateful? or is heaven unkind?
" Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissiv
" The wretch adopts—the wretch improves
From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales.
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is fore'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!
Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heavenly patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!
But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!

Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow!
And drive you to the realms of night below!
But doubt resumes—" If Justice has decreed
" The punishment proportion'd to the deed;
" Eternal misery seems too severe,
" Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
" Too harsh!—that endless torments should repay
" The crimes of life—the errors of a day!"
In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'ns counsels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan!
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;
Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends,
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line;
Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!
But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;

But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strive,
And sees creation struggle into life!
And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

BOYSE.

CHRIST COMFORTS HIS DISCIPLES.

Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe
In God, believe also in me his Son.
Doubt not but in the compass of the heav'ns
My Father will provide for all his Saints
Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss,
Where spirits made perfect after death shall dwell,
And rest from earthly toils: Thither I go
To seal your sure election, and prepare
For you my faithful servants an abode;
That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss

With me your Lord, now dying for your sakes,
Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live
In heavenly communion undisturb'd.
Lament not therefore if I now depart,
Your provident precursor, for ye know
Whither I go, and also know the way.

CUMBERLAND.

INCARNATION.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran
And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new,
To each angelic tongue,
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good will and peace are now complete,
"Jesus was born to die."

Hail! Prince of Life, for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend;
Tho' earth, and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HUMAN HOPE.

His immortality alone can solve
That darkest of ænigmas, human hope;
Of all the darkest if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin at our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?
Because in the great future bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the future sets
By secret and inviolable springs;
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more, the glutton cries:" for something new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will descend. He starves on the possest.
Hence the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His riot was ambition in despair.
See restless hope, for ever on the wing!
High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,

To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And never stooping, but to mount again!
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
  There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,
And virtue vies with hope in mystery.
Why virtue? Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursued;
What, true self-int'rest of quite mortal man?
To close with all that makes him happy here,
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue, 'tis our sov'reign good.
  The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'errun.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death?
Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself; and let her sink!
Thy country! what to thee? (I speak with awe)
The Godhead, what? tho' he should bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is split,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey. YOUNG.

THE NEGRO CONVERT.

I heard that Negro, on his lowly bed,
Thus forc'd to bid to earthly hopes adieu:
I heard him pray for mercy on the head
Of him, whose bitter wrath his brother slew!
Lonely he lay, but still the sufferer knew,
That more than his heavenly master bore,
When on the cross, expos'd to public view,

His dying breath forgiveness did implore,
For those whose hellish hate was glutted with his gore!

Slave-masters! such is pure Religion's power!
These are the morals Christ's disciples preach!
Let interest alone, then, rule the hour,
And still this gospel will your servants reach!
Shame! that it should be needful to beseech
A British subject, in these polish'd days,
To let a godly man draw near, and teach
His heathen household, Britain's God to praise,
And train their souls to walk in Wisdom's pleasant ways!

AXON.

"THE LORD GRANT UNTO HIM, THAT HE MAY FIND MERCY OF THE LORD IN THAT DAY."

Soon will that solemn hour appear,
When I shall hear the sound
Of the last trump; then where, Oh! where
Shalt thou, my soul, be found?

"*That day*," that vast important Day!
Will fix thy final doom;
And call to life this moulder'd clay,
From the dark silent tomb.

This body rais'd shall there possess,
A form as yet unknown:
There ev'ry tongue must then confess,
That Christ is Lord alone.

No righteousness my hands have wrought,
Shall ever form my plea:
My soul recoils at such a thought;
(A firmer hope for me!)

Thy mercy, in that trying scene,
  Is all my hope and stay:
No blood but thine can wash me clean,
  Or purge my guilt away.

My most devoted acts, when try'd,
  Will never stand the test;
Where can a guilty sinner hide,
  But in his Saviour's breast.

Jesus, my "rock," on which I build,
  My solemn hope of heaven;
Shall be my righteousness and shield,
  And whisper "*I'm forgiven.*"

O for that wisdom to prepare,
  To meet a peaceful end;
And, when I stand before that bar,
  May Jesus be my friend! SYDNAS.

AS YET THERE IS ROOM.

O length and breadth of covenant love!
Higher than brightest field above;
Deeper than sorrow's deepest gloom;
Still widening—"and there yet is room!"

Secure in God the Father's truth,
The saints escape eternal ruth:
His arms to save their souls from doom
He spreads, and cries, "there yet is room."

For sinners still the Saviour feels;
To penitents his grace reveals:
He dies; but rising from the tomb
Lives aye, and cries, "There yet is room."

The Spirit, like a tender dove,
Hovers on wings of holy love;

Descends to earth with silver plume,
And peaceful whispers, "Yet there's room."

The myriads who surround the throne,
And bow before the Holy One;
Or fly around the shining dome
Of the New Zion, cry, "There's room."

Heralds from age to age declare
The message, and glad tidings bear;
Or past, or present, or to come,
The theme's the same, "There yet is room."

Lo! Wisdom spreads that best of feasts,
Mingles her wine and slays her beasts;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
The mountains echo, "Yet there's room."

Yon fair pavilion is the Lord's!
Strengthen her stakes, extend her cords;
Her curtain Mercy's beams illume,
Her banner shows, "There yet is room."

From hither sea to distant hill,
They flock that royal tent to fill;
From Mecca, Babylon, and Rome,
They speed, and cry, "There yet is room."

J. W. M.

THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

Great God, how bright thy glories shine,
In all thy attributes divine,
Secure immutable;
Unchangeable in all thy ways,
The object of eternal praise,
In heav'n—and fear in hell.

Revolving years confirm thy pow'r,
And time receding ev'ry hour,
Declares thy promise sure.
Beauty, and wealth, and pow'r decay,
Like empty visions pass away—
Thou only dost endure.

Thy word, thy record, speaks of thee
As from and to eternity
Unalter'bly the same;
The first great cause of all—and last,
As does the present, so the past,
Thy endless years proclaim.

The seasons in succession roll,
While order reigns throughout the whole
In pleasing harmony.
The laws thyself hath fix'd must stand,
Until revers'd by thy command;
And nature's self shall die.

Summer and winter, day and night,
Seed time and (O regaling sight!)
Harvest with golden train,
Untir'd by thy appointed will
Shall come, and as their course they fill,
Thy changeless pow'r maintain.

The heav'nly bodies moving round,
Proclaim a Sov'reign cause profound,
And wisdom without space;
Here order loudly speaks the skill
Of Him, whose wise unchanging will,
Assigns to each its place.

All—all in heav'n, in earth, in air,
Confirm at once, while they declare
Th' eternal truth abroad,

That He who made them all, is He,
Who was, who is, and still must be,
Unchangeable and God.

Here then we take our stand—and here,
Uprais'd beyond corroding fear,
Our anchor hope retain;
Nature may heave her last deep groan—
But 'mid her drear expiring moan,
The promises remain.

Stamp'd with inviolable truth,
To hoary age from lisping youth,
On these unmov'd we cast
Our souls. The word that's giv'n
Shall lead—or bear direct to heav'n,
And land them safe at last. J. YOUNG.

PRAISE.

FAIN would my longing soul begin
Some ceaseless hymn to God,
Whose mercy has redeem'd from sin,
With no less price than blood;
Fain would I praise my Saviour here,
In grateful strains with heart sincere.

But how shall finite beings raise,
With hearts to folly prone,
That pleasing and accepted praise,
Which thou wilt deign to own.
What angels can but faintly shew,
Shall fall'n man attempt to do.

We cannot praise thy holy name,
Unless thy grace inspire;
Assist us by that heav'nly flame,
Impart the sacred fire;

And on our humble altars raise,
A ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

The sighings of a contrite heart,
  Thou God wilt not despise,
Nor even bid a soul depart
  Unblest, whose uprais'd eyes
For mercy sues; but 'mid his grief,
Will send thy Spirit with relief.

And wilt thou from th' unceasing strain
  Of pure and unmix'd praise
By angel choirs, on yon bright plain,
  Pour'd forth in sweetest lays,
Turn thy regard, and bend thine ear,
The sinner's bursting grief to hear?

Cheer'd by the hope—through future days
  The love of God I'll sing,
And laud in humble grateful praise,
  The name of Israel's King;
In life and death my heart I raise,
In ceaseless and accepted praise.

J. YOUNG.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARDS.

Holy the place, whose kindly soil
Yields for the flesh its sweet repose;
Where rests the pilgrim free from toil,
Where the rich spicy fragrance blows:
  Calm be his sleep, whose life
  Was given to pain and God;
  Who pass'd the vale of strife,
  Which his great Master trod:
Who laid mortality's dim robe,
Covering of ills and sorrows, by;

To take the fadeless vesture, wove
By hands of cherubim on high!
Who bade to time, adieu,
When its brief race was run:
Who hail'd, with stedfast view
Eternity begun.
Sleep, true disciple! for thy rest,
The rest of piety shall be
Soft as his dreams, who on the breast
Of Jesus lean'd once peacefully.
Haste Ceylinese! and bring
Your tribute to the dead;
Your choicest chaplets fling
Upon the Martyr's bed!

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to thee;
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever flowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee.
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

NEWTON.

THE HAPPY DEBTOR.

Ten thousand talents [illegible] I owed,
[illegible]nd nothing had [illegible]
[illegible] Jesus freed me [illegible] the load,
And wash'd my [illegible] away!

Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
  And blotted out my score,
Much more indebted I have been
  Than e'er I was before.

My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
  And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe
  Can never be repaid.

The love I owe for sin forgiven,
  For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heaven,
  No angel can conceive.

That love of thine, thou sinner's Friend!
  Witness thy bleeding heart!
My little all can ne'er extend
  To pay a thousandth part.

Nay more, the poor returns I make
  I first from thee obtain; *
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
  Such poor returns again.

'Tis well—it shall my glory be
  (Let who will boast their store),
In time and to eternity,
  To owe thee more and more.

NEWTON.

THE LORDS DAY.

How welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile

* 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

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But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress
twine.

Tho' Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye, the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And tho' the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid
here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Tho' from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent to heaven,
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies:
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?

Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I owe thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done!

H. K. WHITE.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;

Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the [fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, ffruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having *there* his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not here, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore, in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

COWPER.

THE PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Let us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
Who by wisdom did create
The heavens high, and all their state:

Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main:

Who, by his commanding right,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:

Caused the golden-tressed sun,
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye:
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

WILSON.

TRUE GAIETY.

Whom call we gay? That honour has long been
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose headachs nail them to a noonday bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs,
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

COWPER.

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

Deep was the midn
Delightful is this
Dull Atheist could

Enthron'd upon a
Are the foundations
Even there amid th
Ever lovely and bea

Fain would my longi
Fair autumn spreads
Far from his home b
Far from the world,
Father of our feeble r
Father of all, in every
Father of all. Eternal
Feather'd lyric, warbli
Few are thy days, and
For thou wast born of
From conquest Jephtha

God of my life and auth
God of my life to thee I
God moves in a mysteri
Great Heaven how frail
Great system of perfectio
Great former of the varie
Great God, how great th

Hail wondrous being—wh
Hail sourse of pleasures ev
Hail solitude, thou blest a
Hark, 'twas dark winter's
He left his native land and
He is the happy man whose
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TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

FINIS.

J. STARKEY, PRINTER.